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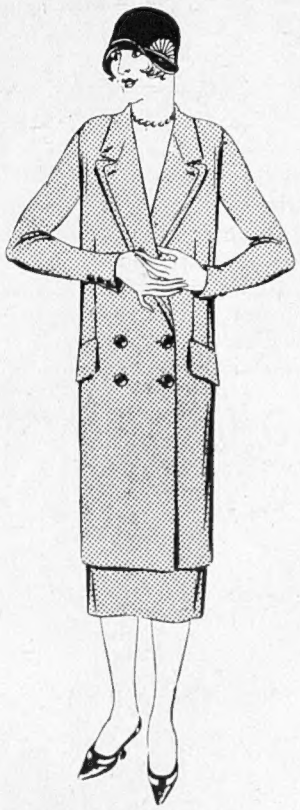
For Twelve Days only.



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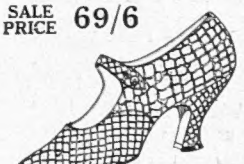

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1 large bottle of Bulmer's Pomagne, broken ice, fresh fruit, orange, pineapple, bananas, slice of lemon, dash of Maraschino. Soda-water to taste.

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OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The Bystander, December 31, 1924 No. 1100 Vol. LXXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

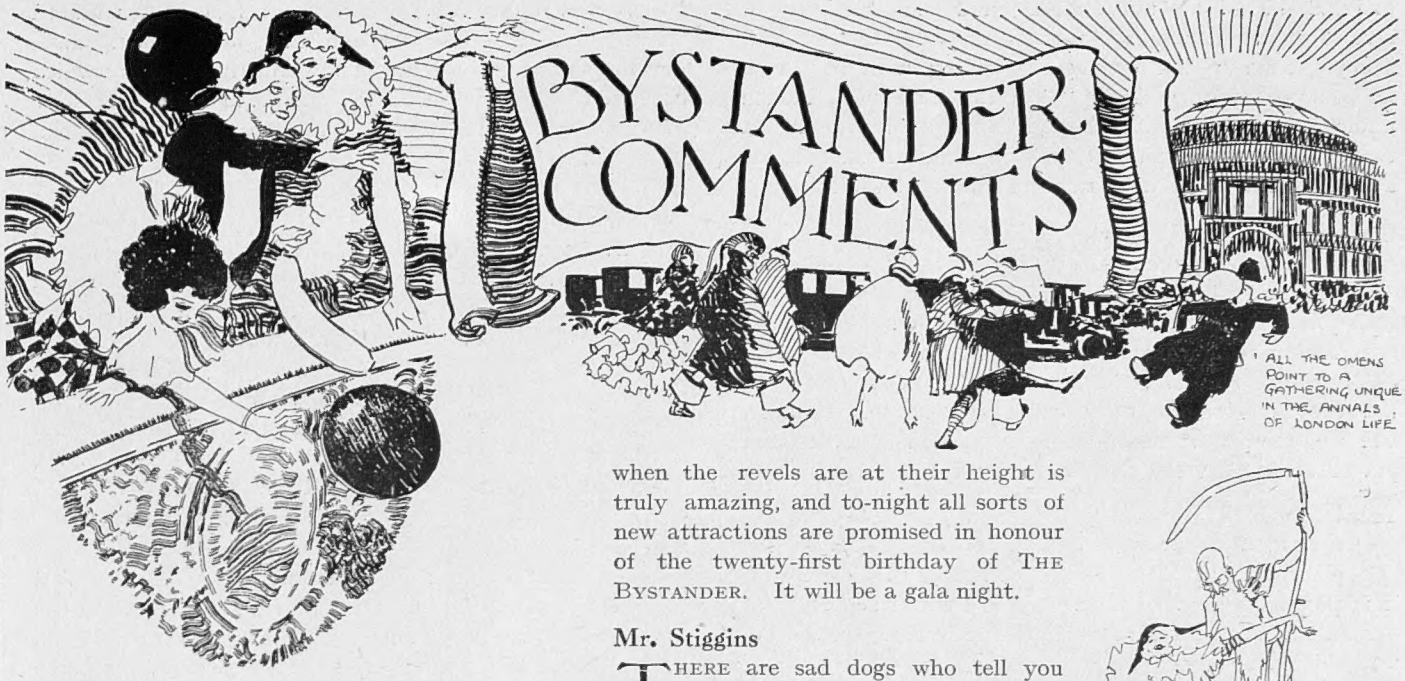
BY MORSE

MISS 1925 BYSTANDER

"Welcome, Stranger!"

BY E. T. REED

JOHN BULL (to the *New Year*): "'Got a magic wand that *changes things*,' have you? My boy, you're just the chap I want! To tell you the truth, there's precious little that I DON'T want changed—except the Government"



'ALL THE OMENS POINT TO A GATHERING UNIQUE IN THE ANNALS OF LONDON LIFE.'

To-Night's the Night!

THE great day has dawned at last! This (Wednesday) evening at the Albert Hall, the Twenty-First Birthday Party of THE BYSTANDER will be held, and all the omens point to a gathering unique in the annals of London life.

Famous Dances of the Past

THERE have been famous fancy dress balls before. Our fathers talk with bated breath of Covent Garden in its happy heyday. What nights those were, unless the gay dogs of the 'eighties and 'nineties are drawing the long bow. Then there was the famous Armistice Ball at which Mr. A produced more troubles from a box than any conjuror ever produced rabbits from a bag. And so the list could be extended.

Counting Our Chickens

BUT *this* Ball! Theatrical managers will tell you that it is unsafe to prophesy, and if they fancy they have a winner they are afraid even to whisper the fact to the black cat on the fourth landing. They have counted their chickens before, and, to pursue the feathered metaphor, their swans have turned out to be ugly ducklings after all. But *this* Ball! I fancy we can let our prophetic souls run riot on this occasion and tell the world that to-night, at the Albert Hall, every known record will be broken.

A Gala Night

AFTER all, the Chelsea Arts Ball has never failed to be *the* event of the year. The membership of the delightful old Club in Church Street comprises all that is best and brightest in the art world of London. When it comes to a fancy dress dance, the Chelsea artist has nothing to learn from the Latin Quarter. The scene viewed from the balcony when the revels are at their height is truly amazing, and to-night all sorts of new attractions are promised in honour of the twenty-first birthday of THE BYSTANDER. It will be a gala night.

'THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL HAS NEVER FAILED TO BE THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.'

Mr. Stiggins

THERE are sad dogs who tell you that the dancing boom has reached its zenith. They have been saying the same thing for years, and I suppose they will go on croaking through another decade. When the Savage Club held its big Fancy Dress Ball quite a while ago, John Hassall drew a poster in which Mr. Stiggins was seen deprecating the proceedings for all he was worth. His white socks and his black gamp fairly quivered with virtuous indignation. But the pageant moves on, and we are still permitted to enjoy ourselves—possibly because we have never been so foolish as to erect a Statue of Liberty in the mouth of the Thames.

'HIS WHITE SOCKS AND HIS BLACK GAMP FAIRLY QUIVERED WITH VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.'

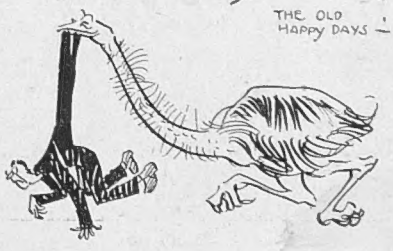
Happy Days

WE all know that when Christopher Columbus reached America, he set foot on dry land, but the States have gone a lot drier since his day, and it is therefore surprising to find that in the most recent play importation from the other side, the principal actor is under the influence of strong drink during an entire act. One can only suppose that as gallery girls crowd to see *Cinderella*, because they dream of the day when a fairy prince will offer them his heart and hand, so the playgoers of New York like to be reminded of the old, happy days when they could have "one over the eight."

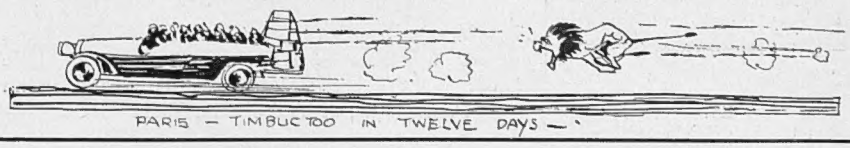
'THE OLD HAPPY DAYS.'

Poor Old Percy

I CAN elucidate the mystery of Percy the Peacock who left his wife in the Zoo and wandered away to the Northern Heights. Last summer, when I was at the big Regent's Park fur and feather emporium, I saw Percy dozing in the sun, while a young bachelor peacock in the next cage



'WE KNOW THAT THESE BIRDS LIVE ON MISSIONARIES.'



'PARIS — TIMBUCTOO IN TWELVE DAYS.'

made flagrant advances to his attractive spouse. The bad lad flashed his tail feathers, and sang his song of love so persistently that I am not surprised to hear that Percy got fed up and left them to get on with it. As a famous poet nearly sang: "'Tis the same with human nature"—there are many Percys in our midst to-day, as the Divorce Court can testify—and the gentleman at the Zoo does but point a moral and adorn—a tail!

Geographical Conundrums

THE lady explorers—Lady Dorothy Mills and Mrs. Rosita Forbes, to mention only a couple—have done their job so thoroughly that few of the world's geographical conundrums remain unsolved, but for many of us the land of Timbuctoo retains all its mystery. We know, of course, that the staple industry of the country is cassowary farming, and we know that these birds live on missionaries and prayer books, but the rest is silence.

Third Single, Timbuctoo!

AND now, all that is to be changed. Thanks to the enterprise of the Citroën Trans-African Company, it is possible to walk into a Cook's Touring Agency and purchase a ticket for Timbuctoo! The itinerary reads like a mad dream:

PARIS—TIMBUCTOO IN TWELVE DAYS.
SERVICE TWICE WEEKLY.
Across the Sahara and French Sudan.
Big Game Hunting on the Banks of the Niger.

The first service starts from Colomb-Bechar on January 4, and it is whispered that Royal personages, in addition to many other notable people, will make the first journey. Madame Citroën, wife of the millionaire promoter, will be a member of the party.

After the Event

ALL sorts of people are being wise after the event, saying that they knew Captain Duff Cooper would make a stir in the new House of Commons; but I am going to be honest about it, and admit that I was not prepared for the success of his maiden speech. I had always known "Duffy" as a cheery soul and an agreeable companion, but the signs and portents of the coming storm by which he took the House had eluded me. And if the fact were so obvious, why the minor sensation caused by its accomplishment?

The Shadow of Fame

HAVING cleared my conscience in the matter, let me congratulate Oldham's M.P. on having promoted himself from the position of being merely his wife's husband in the eyes of the daily Press. Anthony Hope wrote a short story, "The Prince Consort," in which he told how a man escaped from the over-powering shadow of his wife's fame; and in this case, also, the desired end was reached by the sterling qualities of the husband rather than by any falling off in the deserved popularity of the wife.

An Elizabethan Farce

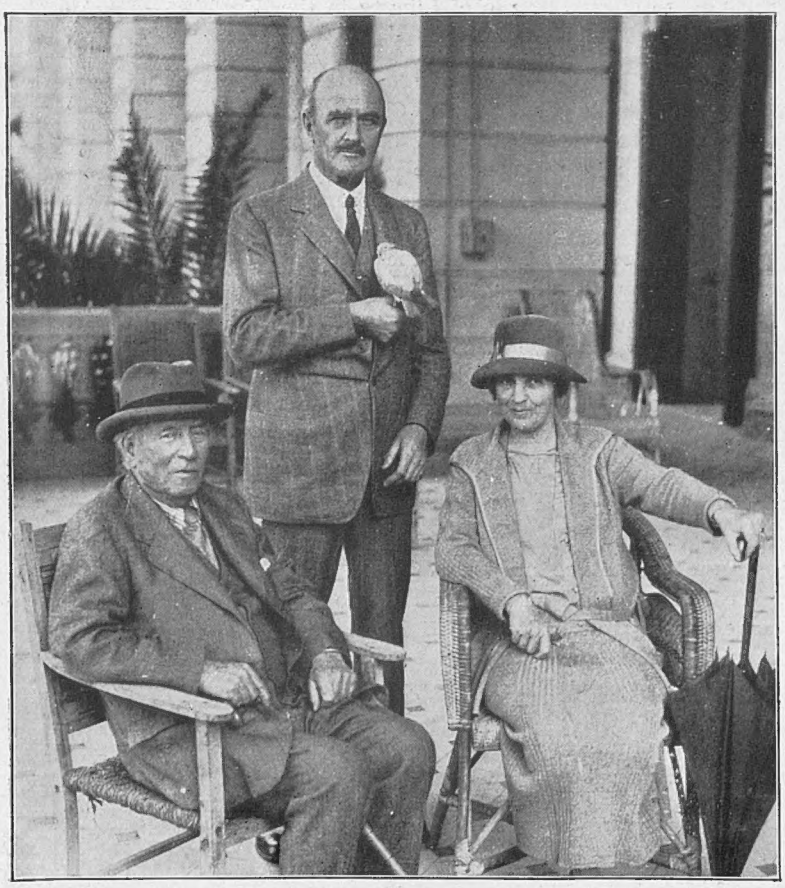
THE worst enemies of Shakespeare are those rabid enthusiasts who say that we should appreciate the work of the bard in whatever guise it is presented. I am a Shakespeare enthusiast myself, and as such, I reserve the right to walk out of any theatre in which his work is being man-handled. I have no use, whatsoever, for those earnest young gentlemen and ladies who mouth his glorious lines until they are in the same state of tangle as a fisherman's line when the hook has been caught in a bramble bush. Were Shakespeare alive to-day he would be the first to look for his hat when these terrible reciters got going.

You Should Have Heard Them Laugh

THANK goodness I can say that I have recently seen a Shakespearean production which was a hundred per cent good. When the Fellowship of Players staged *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Regent Theatre the other Sunday evening, they threw open the pit and gallery to the public of those parts, and if you could have heard the laughter that greeted the more robustious scenes between the fat knight and his lady friends, it would have done your heart good. Here was riotous farce that knocked our latter-day importations from Paris into a cocked hat. I am wondering if Basil Dean would not have been wiser to have given us *The Merry Wives* at the Lane this Christmas, but perhaps that will come later.

The New Bohemia

YOU can safely say that Ham Yard, with its immediate environs, is the G.H.Q. of the new Bohemia that has sprung up during the past post-War years. People of intelligence and people with small incomes soon tired of the conventional night club and began to cast about for a more congenial atmosphere in which to amuse themselves. Chelsea is the Latin Quarter of London, but Chelsea has no night life apart from the decorous delights of the cosy Arts Club in Church Street, where artists continue to play billiards long after they have become famous.



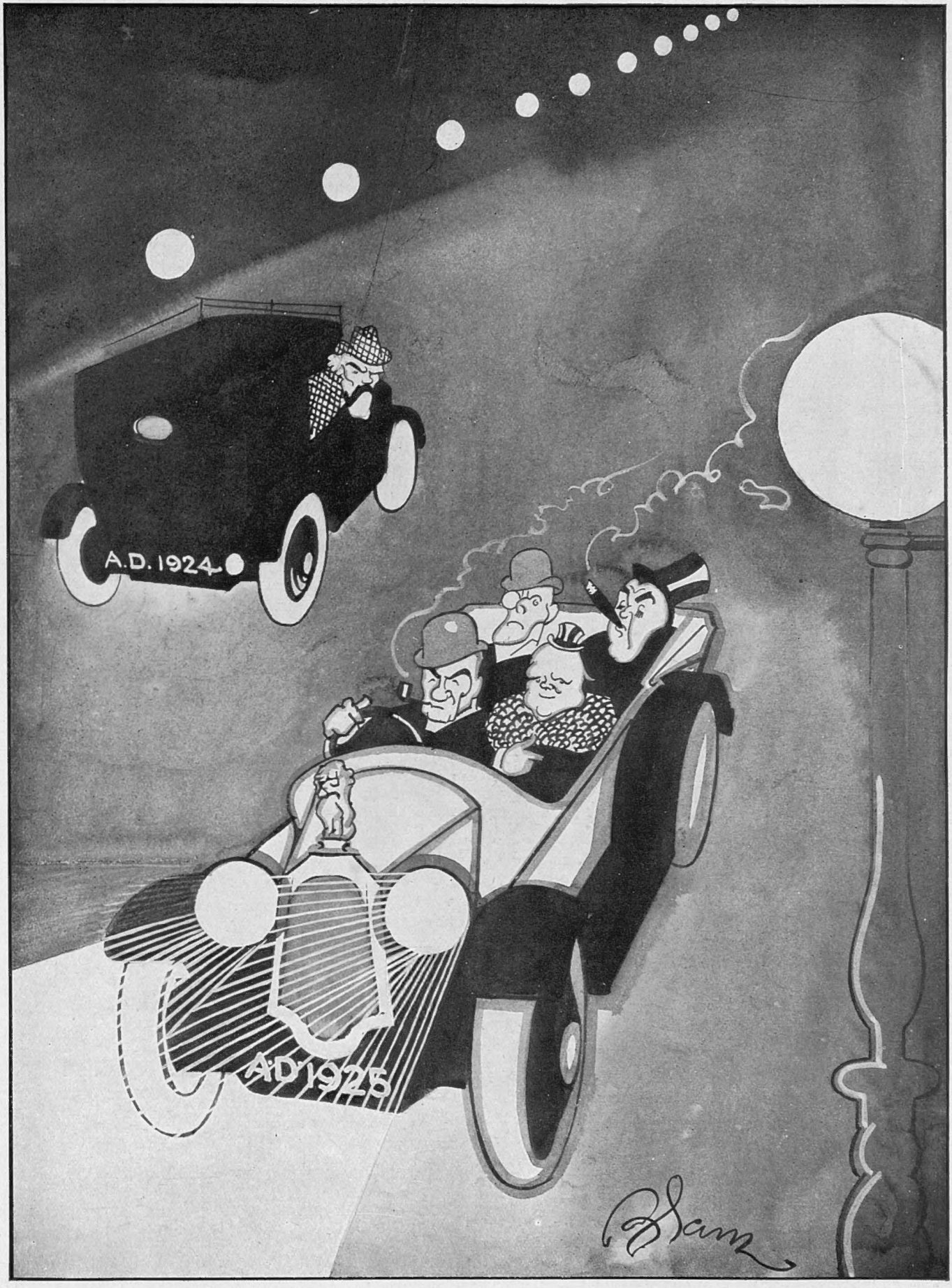
IN THE NEAR EAST *Topical*

Mr. Asquith, who has been visiting Egypt this winter, with Lord and Lady Allenby. The photograph was taken on the verandah of the Residency at Cairo

The Chelsea Arts and "Bystander" Birthday Ball

New Year's Eve Revels at the Albert Hall. Look out for our next issue: Double Page in Three Colour of the scene in the Albert Hall: and Photographs of Those Who Were There

Drive Out the Old, Drive In the New



BY BLAM

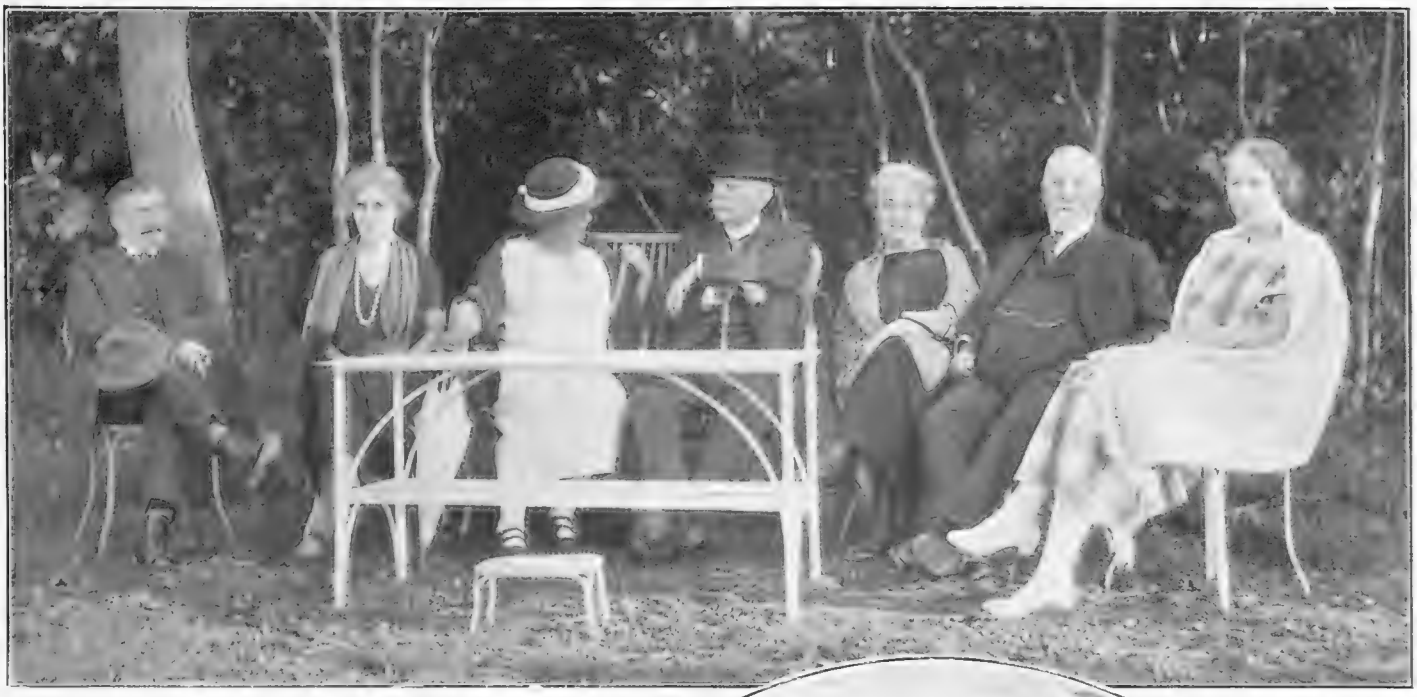
CARS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT—NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1924

From Our Portrait Gallery

Hay Wrightson

MISS BETTY SCHUSTER

The only daughter of Sir Claud Schuster, K.C., and Lady Schuster. She is engaged to Mr. Theodore Francis Turner, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Turner



Photopress

PEACE AFTER WAR'S TURMOIL

A photograph of "Papa" Joffre entertaining some friends in a corner of the grounds of his new home near Louveciennes, outside Paris. The group shows: Doctor and Madame Lapeyre (left), Madame Joffre, Marshal Joffre, Madame and Monsieur Kempf and Mlle. Joffre

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Royalties Abroad

THERE has never been a Christmas which has seen so many members of the Royal Family out of the country. The Duke and Duchess of York were at Nairobi, Princess Beatrice at Cape Town, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught in India, Princess Victoria at Lugano—the first time she has not spent Christmas with Queen Alexandra for many years—and the Duke of Connaught at his villa, Les Bruyères, at Beaulieu.

Princess Mary spent her Christmas at Goldsborough, so the King and Queen had only the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George with them for Christmas at York Cottage.

"To Meet the Prime Minister"

WHEN the historian of the future sits him down to write the social history of these present days of Trades Unionism, devastating income tax, steel houses, and foreign princes turned into paupers, he will have to admit one great change. Society has become punctual. It is no longer "fashionable" to be late.

Folks were bidden for half-past nine to the reception given by the Junior Carlton Club to the Prime Minister. At a quarter to ten not a single car or taxi was drawing up at the elaborate awning over the front door and running down the whole Pall Mall side of the Club. Everybody had arrived, and there was a prodigious queue waiting to be received by my Lady Derby, beside whom stood Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

There was an excellent supper in the great dining-room on the first floor—one of the finest rooms in London. But what was really startling to anyone knowing the Junior Carlton and its ultra-Conservative traditions was the dancing in the morning-room on the ground floor. It was the first time dancing has ever taken place in that stronghold of the Conservative Party. Now the ice has been broken, why shouldn't the big political clubs throw open their doors for such parties? They have a *mise-en-scène* for great receptions which only two or three private people possess nowadays—a great staircase, big rooms—the fitting setting for beautiful dresses, jewels, uniforms, and orders.

The party given by the Junior Carlton for the Prime Minister made an impressive *coup d'œil*. That is why I suggest that other clubs possessing fine houses should follow the Junior Carlton's example.

The Hunt Balls

FOOT-AND-MOUTH disease may have made a parlous difference to hunting this season, but it has had no

AFTER THE RUN

L. N. A.

Prince Henry at the end of a run of the Quorn which lasted for three-quarters of an hour. The meet, which was held at Barkby Hall, Leicester, was attended by the Prince of Wales

effect on the Hunt Balls. Between now and the end of February there will be some fifty of these jolly gatherings all over the country—and a good many others have already taken place.

Then there are county balls and hospital balls, all over the place. It is surprising what a number of the Hunt Balls nowadays are given in private houses, lent to the particular Hunt for the occasion. Formerly, the chief hotel or more generally the Assembly Rooms in the county town were used. But Assembly Rooms, which were built in the days when every county town had its own Society which ventured rarely to London, are apt to be cold and draughty places, with very little sitting-out accommodation. In addition they always require a good deal to be done in the way of decoration.

Our forebears were clearly hardier folk than we are, but on the other hand, the ladies certainly wore more clothes. In this petticoatless age, with dresses cut down to the last vertebræ but three or four, the draughts in these old Assembly Rooms can be very searching. The ladies, therefore, all welcome the change to private houses.

Photo Illus.

BEFORE THE RUN

Lady Fiona Pratt, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, out with the Eridge Hounds at Crowborough. This Sussex pack has been under the Mastership of Lord Henry Nevill since 1893

Next week the East Sussex Hunt Ball will take place at Battle Abbey; the North Northumberland have had their ball at Haggerston Castle, lent by Captain Leyland, and the Percy Hunt have had their ball at Bamburgh Castle.

Polite Blackmail

THERE have always been rumours and hints of women being dressed by leading *couturiers* as an advertisement, provided the said women were sufficiently highly-placed and went out a great deal in Society. For my own part, knowing the difficulty that certain of these ladies so accredited have had in paying their dressmakers' bills, I have always discounted these stories. But, now, I am forced to confess that they have an element of truth.

Within one week I have had proofs of two instances of what can only be described as polite blackmail. One was a dressmaker; the other was a photographer.

A friend of mine was trying on a dress at a very fashionable dressmaker's. There was a good deal of conversation from the next box—or whatever those mirror-lined rooms where ladies try

Photo Illus.

"A FINE LADY UPON A WHITE HORSE"——

But not at Banbury Cross. The lady, who is Lady Irene Pratt, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, is here seen at a meet of the Eridge, at Crowborough

British Illus.

A BEAGLING OCCASION

Mr. J. D. Maxted, J.P., at a meet of the Blean Beagles at his residence, "Newlands," Teynham. With him is Miss Sayers, who was acting as "whip" at the meet

on their clothes are called—but she paid no particular attention. When she got into the dress the attendant went to fetch some over-person, and she was alone.

"I cannot let you have it, my lady," came a voice from the next box. "It is far too expensive!"

"I insist on having that dress," said another voice, sharp and angry.

"It is impossible, quite impossible, my lady. I've already sold it, and if I give it to you I shall lose a good customer."

"You will lose a great deal more than *one* customer, if I don't have that dress, I will tell all my friends I have left you! And you know what that will mean!"

"Oh, my lady! This, after all I've done for you!"

"And what have I done for you? For every dress you've given me, you've sold a dozen through me talking about you." This voice was getting more angry.

"I wish that were true, my lady."

"Well, whether it's true or not, if I don't have this dress I'll damn you. You know I can make you close your doors in three months!"

There was a pause, then the first voice with a note of desperation in it, said,

"Very well, my lady, take the dress. I'll send the fitter to you."

This is quite a modern method of not incurring debts.

British Illus.

WELL MET IN WALES

Mrs. Owen Peel and Mrs. Rigby at a meet of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's hounds at Brynpys Hall, North Wales

British Illus.

MR. AND MISS THOM

At the meet of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's pack at Brynpys Hall

Alfieri

WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE)

Miss M. Jones, Mrs. L. H. Jones, Mrs. Alderson Archer and Mrs. Higham at a meet of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) at the "Horse and Groom," Driffield. There was some good going, including a five-mile point towards Ablington

The Second Case

A YOUNG man started a photographer's business in a fashionable street. He sent round circulars to folk of light and leading, and, to his delight, amongst others, received a visit and a sitting from a lady of degree whose name is frequently in the newspapers.

The proofs were greatly admired and a large order was given. Then the photographer sent in his bill. The next morning he received a visit from the mother—a very great lady indeed—of the lady of degree. She petrified him by asking him to explain his "insolence" in sending her daughter a bill for the photographs! When he meekly suggested that the procedure was usual, the very great lady indeed informed him—and with no little scorn for his ignorance—that neither she nor her daughter ever paid for their photographs; that photographers considered sittings from them an honour and a privilege; and that instead of sending in a bill he ought to have been grateful to her daughter for giving him such an advertisement! She departed with the menacing remark that he would be wise not to make an enemy of either her daughter or herself. Somewhat startling, eh, in this age of grace?

The Old Order Passes

SPEAKING of shops, I hear that more than one old-established firm in Regent Street will not be able to stand the pressure of the hugely increased cost in rent, rates

DOWN THE VALE IN NORTH WALES [*British Illus.*

Major Robinson (left), the Misses Verdon, and Major Watts at the International Gun-Dog League working trials for spaniels at Llanfyllin

and other overhead charges brought about by the new mammoth buildings. There is one shop to which I remember going first when a small boy with my mother. In most of the big houses all over England you will find things that have been bought in that shop during three generations, many of them wedding presents. It was sad to hear just before Christmas when I went there to buy a present, that this firm is amongst those who are being driven out by the vast changes in Regent Street. To hundreds of other people like myself it is associated with many happy years of present-giving and present-receiving.

Another Shock

I GOT quite a shock from a book of recent memoirs. Therein I read three pages devoted to the doings of a near relative in places he never visited, and conversations with people he never met. They were three pages of falsehood, and stupid falsehoods at that. It was obvious that the writer had never even met the person of whom he wrote so glibly.

And thus are some "reminiscences" written!

Marrying and Giving in Marriage

THE peerage has been quite busy in getting engaged during the Christmas season. First we had news of Lord Suffield's engagement to the Hon. Olwen Phillips, Lord and Lady Kylsant's second daughter. Now comes the engagement of Viscount Suirdale, the Earl of Donoughmore's heir, to Miss Dorothy Hotham.

Honours have been showered on Lord Kylsant's family. His eldest brother is Viscount St. Davids; his next brother is a K.C.B., Sir Ivor Phillips; and his youngest brother, Sir Laurence Phillips, was created a baronet five years ago.

Lord Suirdale came of age last year. His mother was an American, a daughter of the rich Mr. Grace, who at one time owned Battle Abbey. His bride-to-be is a relative of Lord Hotham. Her father, Mr. John Beaumont Hotham, was once a Clerk in the House of Lords, and is now Clerk of the Senate and Assistant Clerk of Parliament of Northern Ireland.

Then Lord Charles Kennedy, the Marquis of Ailsa's second son, has become engaged to that intrepid yachtswoman, Lady Baird, the widow of Admiral Sir John Baird. Lord Charles goes in for farming, and is a silver medallist of the Agricultural College at Cirencester.

Central Ne

CHRISTMAS IS HONEYMOON TIME

Mr. W. B. L. Manley (Grenadier Guards), elder son of Major and Mrs. W. E. Manley, leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with his bride, Lady Katharine Carnegie, only daughter of the late Earl of Northesk and Elizabeth Countess of Northesk, after their wedding just before Christmas-time

Blake Studio

LIBERAL MINDED

A group of guests at the recent Women's National Liberal Federation Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Names—back row: Mr. Humphrey (left), Mr. Bois, Lord Terrington, The Hon. Horace Woodhouse (Lord Terrington's son) and Commander R. Fletcher. Seated: Mrs. Bois, Mrs. Humphrey, Lady Terrington, and the Hon. Mrs. Woodhouse

At the Embassy

THE Embassy Club December celebrations reached the zenith before the Christmas exodus from town, when some gay "Spanish" nights were held. I understand that Luigi had imported special decorative curtains, which have now been sent off to help in the Christmas gaieties on the Riviera. Mr. Nat Ayer, who has composed THE BYSTANDER Fox-trot and Waltz that you will all have a chance of hearing at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, has been keeping Embassy audiences amused with his piquant little songs at the piano. It takes a sophisticated entertainer to amuse a sophisticated audience, and Mr. Ayer certainly has "a way with him." Whether

PEOPLE OF PARTS [*D. P. I. Delhi*

Amateur theatricals at Simla. Our photograph shows members of the Simla National Amateur Dramatic Society who staged "Bhisham Pitamah" recently

he was daringly rhyming "æsthetics" with "cosmetics," or daringly telling us that—

"I asked her if she'd marry me, the second week I met her,
She said she'd ask her husband, but she didn't think he'd let her"—

in his confidential way, he was always amusing. Among those laughing with him or dancing contentedly, I noticed Lord and Lady Brecknock, Lord Pembroke, Lady Cecil Bingham, Lady Cunard, Lady Craven, Miss Lois Sturt (in a charming gown of, so my partner assured me, painted ninon), Baroness d'Erlanger, Major Duff-Cooper, and Sir Gerald and Lady Du Maurier who had brought a large party, including Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Ian Hunter, the young South African actor who is this year's Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*.

"Not Forgotten"

THE annual Christmas party given by the "Not Forgotten" Association to the wounded ex-Service men who are still in hospital, has always taken place in the Riding School in the Buckingham Palace stables. This year, owing to structural repairs, the Riding School was not available, so the party took place at the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress welcomed the guests, and Prince George made a cheery and understanding little speech. He likewise cut the "party" cakes.

Will This Come True?

A HIGH scientific authority has declared that if women go on shingling their hair for a few generations the result will be a race of bearded females. If this prophecy is fulfilled will our descendants hear this in the barbers' shops of the period, "Shingle *and* shave, Madam, or shave only?"

Bertram Park

A JANUARY BRIDE

Miss Roscoe Brunner, whose engagement to Prince Ferdinand Liechtenstein was recently announced. The wedding is to take place on January 14th at the Brompton Oratory

CARNIVAL TIME IN CHELSEA [*Photopress*

A rather full dress-rehearsal by Slade School students of their particular "set-piece" for the Chelsea Arts and Bystander Birthday Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve

"'Twas In December"—Though You Would Never Think So!

Some bathing snapshots (Brrrh!) taken at Cannes, of Professeur de Villepion and his little pupils doing *chocs physiques* — which may or may not be French for "physical jerks"—on the sunny beach of the Côte d'Azur. (Inset) Mrs. Follester and a touch of "Spring"—in Winter!

Mare Le Noir

The Riviera Week by Week

By Douglas W. Thorburn

Keystone

MENTONE IN DECEMBER

A general view of the courts at the Mentone Lawn Tennis Club

No one watching the crowds of happy youngsters basking in the warm sunshine these December days on the seashore at Cannes, would readily believe that it was Christmas week. Bathing went on merrily in water which averaged around 62 deg. Fahrenheit, while the members of the Sunshine Club met daily on the Plage du Midi for physical training and sun-baths under the energetic Professor Villepion, who has a great following of local and visiting athletes. There is swimming, it is true, in the Serpentine on Christmas Day—but

E. Navello

PRINCE AND PRINCESS RENÉ DE BOURBON

how different from the sport which is really enjoyed on this part of the Mediterranean shores!

VISITORS came from the North in thousands in time for Christmas and the New Year, politicians being prominent among them after the Parliamentary vacation began. Others who are not concerned in the political life of the day included Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, who motored from Calais to the Villa Valetta to join Maud, Lady Orr-Lewis. The Duke of Manchester came to stay at the Carlton, where Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Joel have a party of guests with them, and Mrs. Gordon Watney was there with Mrs. Edgar de Mocatta prior to going on a visit to Lady Hulton at the Villa Beau-Desert. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke have a house-party of young people, and Moisevitch, the great pianist, is a guest of theirs for a few weeks. The novelist, by the way, is taking a holiday from novel-writing and has turned his attention to a new play, which will be good news to the play-going world.

THERE was a large and cheery gathering at the Beau-Site, the visitors including Sir Charles and Lady Mandleberg, who are here each winter,

SOME SUN-WORSHIPPERS AT MONTE CARLO

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LADY CLANCARTY AND HER DAUGHTER

Sir William Milton, K.C.M.G., long associated with the administration of Rhodesia, and Lady Milton, Sir Samuel and Lady Barrow from Carshalton, Lady Whitburgh, Sir Edward Smith, Major and Mrs. R. Peto, Colonel and Mrs. Head, Mr. James Martin White, a former M.P. for Forfarshire, Mr. and Mrs. Eno, and Mr. and Mrs. Brame Hillyard, the tennis-players. Dances were frequent and popular.

SIR GEORGE DUCKWORTH-KING, Bart., and Lady Duckworth-King were among the guests at the Hotel Continental, a very comfortable hotel in one of the most picturesque situations in Cannes. The Hon. Edward Portman and the Hon. Sylvia Portman came to join Viscount and Viscountess Portman

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COLONEL AND MRS. STUART-RICHARDSON

for a few weeks at the Villa Allegria, while the Marquis of Cholmondeley, after a month at the Elysée Palace, has settled once more in the Villa Caldana for the season. General Sir Arthur Paget, recovered from his illness, spent a month with his sister, Miss Amy Paget, at the Château de Garibondy, but has now taken the Castel St. Jean for the winter. Sir Stuart and Lady Coats were able to spend Christmas at the Villa Passiflora after all, their son, Captain M. D. Coats, having recovered sufficiently from the serious operation he had undergone in Nice to be able to be moved home again. Princess Paul of Serbia, who was Princess Olga of Greece before her marriage, has had her mother to stay

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IN THE GARDENS

General Sir Archibald and Lady Paris enjoying the winter sunshine in the gardens at Cannes. Overcoats are quite superfluous on a fine December day

with her at the Villa Les Heures Claires, near Le Cannet, which she and her husband have rented for a few months. The Villa Wilderness has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Van den Bergh, of Upper Brook Street.

THE galas at the Carlton and the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs have been resumed, and dancers at the latter resort are delighted with the new and well-sprung floor which has at last replaced the white and fatiguing marble of other years. It has the additional advantage of being quickly elevated to a height of two feet or more, so that diners may have a better view of the professional dancers and entertainers who appear from time to time at these fêtes. Réveillon and New Year's Eve are invariably notable events down here, and the directors of the various places of amusement see to it that none of their guests has reason to complain of *ennui*. Everyone, of course, drifts sooner or later into the baccarat rooms, where most of the tables are already in use, and the display of dresses, shoulders and jewels is unequalled. The Cercle Nautique has been opened again, after many weeks of hard work, and Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc was congratulated by the members on the big improvement in the comfort and the style of this historic club.

SIR R. P. HOUSTON and Lady Houston, formerly Lady Byron, who were married very quietly in Paris, are spending the honeymoon on the famous yacht *Liberty*, which has been lying in Marseilles Harbour for some time past, and others who are coming round by sea include Captain H. M. Harwood, the dramatist, and his wife, Miss Tennyson Jesse, the novelist. Sir John Ganzoni, M.P., is also on his way round on a P. and O. liner, and will before long be seen at the Golf Club, where he is an enthusiastic player each winter.

TENNIS interest was centred in the professional tournament at the Metropole, where no less than fifteen of the greatest players of the day had entered for the trophy presented by Sir Francis Towle, of the Gordon Hotels. From now onwards to the end of the season, one has every opportunity of studying the form and methods of all the leading players on the many Riviera courts. One prominent personality who has deserted Cannes for Madeira is Lady Wavertree, but all the other familiar figures and many new ones will be seen, either on the courts or comfortably

E. Navello

READY FOR BATTLE

Mlle. de Alvarez (left) and Miss Nichols snapped on the courts at Monte before a round in the Monaco Championships. Mlle. de Alvarez swept the board, winning the singles, the ladies' doubles with Mrs. Satterthwaite, and the mixed doubles

seated under the palms or the orange trees and looking lazily on.

THE Aga Khan has his usual suite of rooms at the Atlantic at Nice, and has entered several horses for the forthcoming race meeting at the Var Racecourse. Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, is taking a very quiet rest-cure here, while another visitor from a different corner of that country is Sir Otto Jaffe, of Belfast, who is here with Lady Jaffe. Mr. Montagu Glass, the American creator of our good friends Potash and Perlmutter, and other amusing characters, is spending the winter in Nice with his wife and daughter.

JANUARY will be a busy month at Hyères, for in addition to the international tennis tournament there will be an exhibition of fine arts, many dances at the Grand Casino, where the floor is now excellent, and the beginning of the automobile week. Golf competitions are held weekly, and the

Keystone

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Miss du Cros (left) and Miss Tripp who were playing in the recent Monaco Championships at Monte Carlo. Miss Tripp, with Mrs. Crundall Punnett, was knocked out in the final of the ladies' doubles

principal hotels are all vying with one another in providing entertainments for their guests. The Golf Hotel, by the way, is probably the only place on the Riviera where one may find a real bowling-green, and it is, naturally, in great demand.

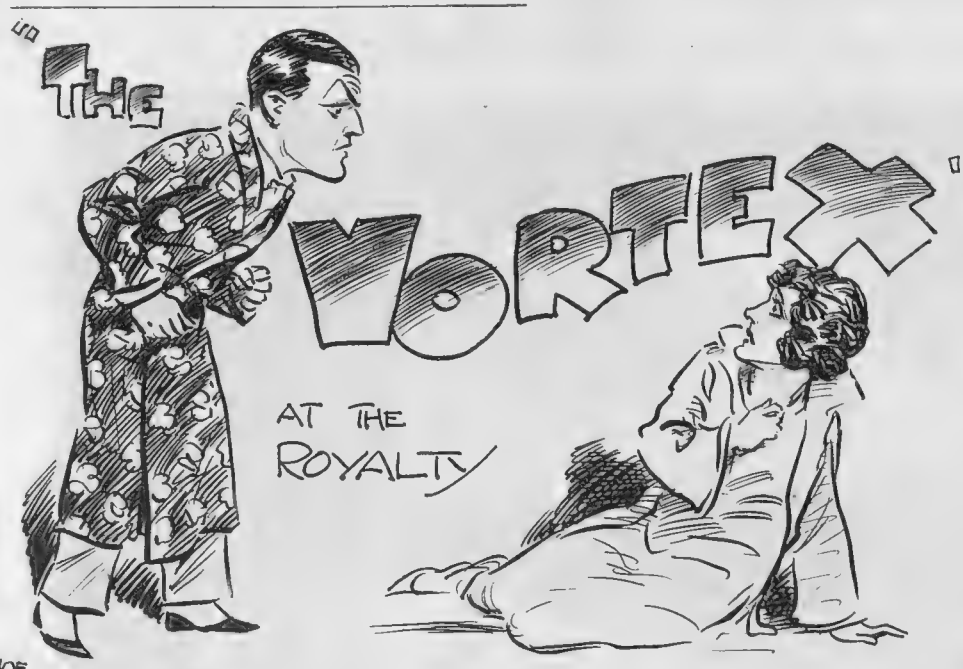
WHILE all the usual sports for which the resorts on the Riviera are famous are in full swing, it is worthy of note that winter sports may also be indulged in at a short distance from the coast. At Peira Cava and Beuil, which are quite easily reached by car in a few hours, the snow is now in excellent condition, and ski-ing, sledging and all other forms of winter diversions are awaiting those who feel like it. The traffic on the roads up into the mountains is increasing daily, and the extraordinary contrast between sea-bathing in the morning and tobogganing at noon is one which appeals to a great many visitors. The scenery in these parts is extremely grand, and there are good hotels and restaurants at suitable points, supported by the local authorities, who do all in their power to encourage tourists to explore the region. D. W. T.

From Our Portrait Gallery

E. O. Hoppé

LADY DECIES

The wife of the fifth Baron Decies, who was Chief Press Censor in Ireland during the turbulent years 1916-1919. Lady Decies is the daughter of the American millionaire, George Jay Gould



NOEL COWARD AND LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

Produced on November 25th, at the Everyman Theatre, and on December 16th, 1924, at the Royalty

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is not a nice play, but it is impossible to ignore its extraordinary cleverness. The characters are sketched with an impressionist simplicity, but at the same time with a singular completeness, for the first two acts. In the third and last act, the threads

BROMLEY DAVENPORT AS DAVID LANCASTER

are gathered together with a swift adroitness that compels admiration, and souls are bared with a remorselessness that is almost brutal. The play was first produced at the Everyman Theatre at Hampstead, the management of which seems to have a special gift for unearthing works of something like genius. To the ordinary playgoer, Hampstead seems off the map as compared with Shaftesbury Avenue. As a matter of fact, owing to "Tube" facilities, it is far more accessible to southern suburbanites than the West End itself.

THE "Vortex" is the centre of the social whirlpool that draws people into itself, and not unnaturally ends by making them rather giddy. The awful example is Mrs. Florence Lancaster, who is of an age when women are to be considered as moths rather than butterflies. She is nearing the fifties, but she claims to be still "young inside." I am afraid I am not clever enough to know what that means, and I do not like to hazard a guess in nice company. Mrs. Lancaster feels so much younger than her husband of about the same age, that the two have parted company long since, although they live in the same house, and she is never tired of saying that her husband positively adores her. We are mercifully denied the husband's view of the question. Mrs. Lancaster's vocabulary is of the hyperbolic nature of ladies who speak in shrill tones about things that are perfectly lovely and absolutely adorable, a superlative condition of excellence that is usually conspicuous by its absence in the everyday life of the world.

MRS. LANCASTER being too young at forty-five, or thereabouts, has taken a young man of twenty-four under her protection—that, at least, is the word commonly employed in respect of delinquents of the opposite sex. He is Tom Veryan, a fine, upstanding young fellow who follows Mrs. Lancaster about, calls her habitually by her Christian name, and leaves us unhappily in no doubt as to his particular duty in the lady's constellated heaven. Mrs. Lancaster has a son, Nicky, who is the same age as Tom, and at the beginning of the play Nicky arrives from Paris where he has been studying music. Soon after his arrival he announces that he has just become engaged to a very modern young lady, named Bunty Mainwaring, who has also been studying in Paris. The precise direction of her studies is not revealed to us, but then there are such a lot of things to learn in Paris.

BUNTY is one of the ultra-fashionable young ladies who wear their hair very short, and glued down to the top of the head. I kept telling myself that I did not like these eccentric *coiffures*, and yet I had to admit that Miss Molly Kerr, who takes the part, looked very charming. It is a dreadful fashion, but it looks ripping—that is the only way in which I can size it up. It so happens that Tom Veryan and Bunty are old friends, and as soon as they meet again, after some years of absence, their first idea is to cancel the engagement with Nicky, and become engaged themselves. Nicky is, after all, a rather impossible person. He take life too seriously, and he is all nerves. On the slightest provocation he sits at the piano and bangs out music of high quality, doubtless to let us see that the time he spent in Paris has not been wasted. So far the tale has been told very sketchily, yet the sketching has been done with a sure hand so that each of the characters stands out in distinguishing relief.

THEN the tragedy of Mrs. Lancaster's life suddenly appears. She comes into the room and sees her Tom positively

(Continued on page 1010)

IN THE SECOND ACT NOEL COWARD PUTS IN SOME HARD WORK AT THE PIANO PRESUMABLY IN PREPARATION FOR HIS NEXT REVUE!

A New Gaiety Principal

Mabel Robey

MISS GLORIA D'ARCY

Who has gracefully stepped into the shoes (but not in this picture) of Miss Luella Gear, in the comedy rôle of Mary in "Poppy," at the Gaiety Theatre

embracing the Bunty creature. He has actually had the impropriety to prefer a bright fresh girl of his own age, to a middle-aged woman who is all hair-dye and cosmetics. In a torrent of wrath she hounds the young man from her presence, forbidding him ever to speak to her again; and he has no sooner left the room than she is after him, frantically seeking a reconciliation. Fortunately, however, Tom is beyond recall. Bunty's nicer influence has turned him from his unwholesome way; for though she is an ultra-worldly young person, long past the age of sweet simplicity, she is at least a young man's natural mate. During all this turmoil, Nicky has been saying little, but has been thinking desperately hard. He shows by his over-wrought air that he is simmering towards boiling point, and as his mother is covering Tom with her hysterical reproaches, Nicky sits at the piano and plays furiously to make the confusion worse confounded. It is an intensely dramatic moment, but when people are trying to speak their bit of dialogue and someone else is strumming the piano vigorously, the music has the bulge on us all the time.

BOILING-POINT is reached in the third act. As the curtain rises we see Mrs. Lancaster lying fully-dressed on her bed, weeping her artificial complexion away, while a practical lady friend delivers herself of a series of home-truths that are not accepted in the same generous spirit as that which prompts them. Mrs. Lancaster is desolate at the treachery of her Tom after all she has done for him, and now all she wants is to die. And then Nicky strides into the room and orders the lady friend out. He wishes to be alone with his mother. Mrs. Lancaster begs him to come and talk to her some other time. It is one o'clock in the morning, and she is at the extremity of exhaustion. But Nicky brushes her appeal away impatiently. What he has to say must be said here and now. He is worked up to a fearful pitch of passion, and if, as the ancients tell us, anger is brief madness, he is surely mad for the moment.

HE asks his mother point blank if Tom Veryan has been her lover. She denies his right to ask such a question—as indeed she may. But he will not heed her hysterical protest, and presses his question till she is driven to admit that his suspicions are well founded. And a further cross-examination elicits the painful fact that there have been others. The scene is, of course, very distasteful as between mother and son, but presently we have an explanation of Nicky's frenzied passion, and his quite unnatural behaviour. He confesses to his mother that he has for some time been taking drugs, and when she expresses her horror at the news, he replies in effect that if she will abandon her evil way of life and be a mother to him, she may save him yet; while in saving him she will save herself as well. At this stage the high nervous tension of the young man gives way, and he falls sobbing across his mother's knee.

THE part of Nicky is played by Mr. Noel Coward, who is also the author and piano-player of the piece. Mr. Coward gives a remarkable performance for so young a man. His nervous irritability throughout the play is most convincingly assumed, and he is truly terrible in his insane wrath. Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Mrs. Lancaster, is perfect. Her simpering extravagances in the first act are nicely characteristic of the type she represents,

while the petulance of the second act, and the abandoned hysteria of the third, complete the evolution with startling consistency. It is a great piece of acting. The small parts are satisfyingly played. The entertainment as a whole is of very high standard, and may, for all I know to the contrary, be a faithful picture of the hectic psychology of the ultra-fashionable world. But it presents an idea of maternal and filial relationship which is not at all nice to old-fashioned people of homely tastes, who after all form the great majority of theatrical audiences. *The Vortex* is very clever and—rather horrid. JINGLE

A New Year's Eve Resolution that Hangs—

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW.

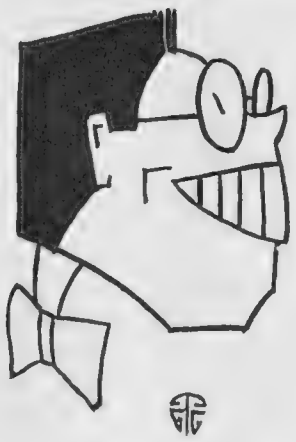
—ON THE CLOTHES LINE

Putting the "Pant" into Pantomime

BY FITZ

Our artist lifts the veil on some of the dark doings of those who have been busy making our Pantomime the breathless affair that it is to-day

YOGO HAMA'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTINGS



MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

THISLY week to date, in between *p* and *a.m.*, we shall find ourselves to be on the precincts of the New Year number 1925 when all of us (exceptly Hon. femns on plus sides of 40), shall have arrived at 1 more years of age. This are very great solemnity thought and should make us to count up our 1924 sins and swear our pledges to not recapitulate same. Personally myself I have vowed 3 things in my name: 1-st, to turn a new leaf; 2-thly, to grow very pure and chaste; 3-ndly, to be glump and good and to not seek carnal joys and suchly delicious things, but only ecclesiastical pleasures which do not make us happy on earth, but only afterwards when we are defunct. Alasly, I bemoan, how great pity it are that not everybody makes these so good oaths, but on the reversely seek to give us temptations which we fall into, only to grow wicked and happy 1-ce more.

Hencelyforth, Hon. Sir, I shall contribute you very improving commentings which I trust to hope shall make very good and sad innumerous of your Hon. readers who hithertoly have only lived to be bad and gay. Also I shall furiously labour to produce very grave piety works like as "Thoughts on Carnal Sins," (in 3 vols); "How to be Pure and Glump," (per 7/6 net), and a saddish serial named "Sermons in Tears," for you to imprint in Hon. Bystander which I wager to bet shall make Hon. readers so non-happy and gayless, they will dig in the garden to eat worms and other theological foods.

"Indeedly, Mr. Y. Hama, you have alreadily succeed to make me feel I should perform *hara-kiri* or other equally goodish deed. You have produce me so deepish and profoundly blue with your so genius pen, I do not care whether to live or die," you bemoan, Hon. Sir?

This shows you to have several sparkings of good in you, which I did not hope to think, because editing persons are so usually wicked that not even arch or other theological deans can save them. This, I flatter to suppose, shows me to have very great talents of eloquence, so that perhapsly I shall be made a Mus. Bac, a D.D., R.I.P. or other learning degree by Oxford and Cambridgeshire with hood and robe to match.

"Very perhapsly so, Mr. Y. Hama, Mus. Bac. also R.I.P., and you can also flatter to suppose yourself that I shall give you the bag if you do not speedishly change the colour of your tune. Do you imagine to suppose I wish Hon. Bystander readers to perform *hara-kiri* in bulk because of your 1925 luguberies? This are not the 'Undertakers' Express,' permit I should inform you," you repart snishishly?

O, this are very awful backslippings, Hon. Sir, I sepulchraishly moan.

"If you fancy to think, Mr. Y. Hama,

"I shall labour to produce grave piety works"

Hon. Bystander cannot produce itself without your liquid blankets, you have swallowed the wrong boot. For 2 or 3 hair or safety pins, I would bag you on the spot," you declam?

Ha, ha, this shows you to be a very short-seeing person. Now I shall hand you the mailed fist up my sleeve. Constrain to suppose I should produce a *Yogo Hama's Gazette*? Should you not then find yourself to be in a hot kettle of fish?

"I impray you to kindly impardon my so non-polite rudeness, Mr. Y. Hama! I do not think I can altogether feel very well, also I have head and other pains," you speedishly beseek?

All so well, Hon. Sir, but I trust to hope this shall be goodish warnings to not look on the Bass when he are bright.

"Indeedly yes, Mr. Y. Hama. Have you ever experienced to feel as if you had a non-fitting head?" you ask to inform?

A 1,000 times no, Hon. Sir. I are very temperance person and do not produce a different head to my size, I rebark haughtishly.

"Will you to kindly forgive my so wicked threatenings, Mr. Y. Hama, and

"To turn a new leaf"

"The Chelsea *v.* Bystander Ball are very popular"

disdain to make me some luscious commentings on the Bystander *v.* Chelsea Ball? Also to kiss to make friends?" you tearishly bemoan?

I shall not kiss to make friends, but plant 2 or 5 coals of fire on your head by producing you goodish commentings on this so Anglican festive. O yes, this strains you to feel very bash and non-worthy, I wager to bet.

This Chelsea *v.* Bystander Ball, and suchly festives, are very popular because they suffice to provide us goodish excusings to pretend we are princes, policemens, demons and other privilege classes we cannot in our everyday lifes aspire to. But mostly of all, these mirthish convocations are greatly esteemed by persons so non-fortunate as to be provide with hideous faces by nature which make us to feel non-well to witness. But craftishly fancy dressed, these saidly afflictions can cause us to suppose they are Little Red Robin Hoods, Jack the Bean-Killer, Queen of Tarts and other characters of history.

Thusly, for instants, we make to assiduously coy with a luscious fair, attire perhapsly as Mary Antoinette of Scotts, hoping to acquire some savoury kissings. When we have persuade her behind a palm vegetable or other non-public corner and she denudes her disguise, we experience to receive 3 or 5 fits and shocks because we had not imagined to suppose she could be so stupendously non-beautiful and yet live. No doubtfully it also happens in the reverse, when some sweetish fair seeks to allure for embracings an extraneously-looking Apollo gent, who in his natural skin looks to be like a hydrophobia.

This makes a fancy clothes ball to be a very sportings event, like bran or suchly lucky tubs, because we do not know if we shall fish a prize or a face which it shall take many numerous B and S's to make us recover from seeing. But how non-speakably exquisite it are if we have some lucky stars and pull out a very enormously ultra femn with face like Hon. Queen of Cleopatra, Hon. Helen Troy and other historic heart-crackers. O yes indeedly, that should make us to forget our sins and suchly liabilities, and live only for love and kissings. Also the leg may be on the other boot, for perhapsly some delicious femn shall pursue to find for herself an extremely beautiful masc gent with face like Hon. Sir Owen Nares, Hon. Sir Matheson Lang or Hon. Mr. —— (but I shall not be so modestless and conceitful to depict this last name, but give you 3 guessings). O yes, but myself perhapsly I shall be adequately disguise and incog that not anybody shall enable to point a finger of recognition to me. But if you shall see a very beautiful suspended 1925 Cupid person, perhapsly you may lucratively place your odds to 1 that it are (yours to remain, hoping you suffer continuous good healths and perspectives),

Yogu Hama

"A very beautiful suspended 1925 Cupid person"

"Perhapsly I shall be made a Mus. Bac."

Business as Usual

This old war-time phrase has become a *cliché*—and, like all *clichés*, almost meaningless. We can think of only one thing that can give it the true value that those three words imply: it is *Kelly's Post Office London Directory* (55*s.* net; special library edition 70*s.*), the 1925 edition of which has just been published. Within its comprehensive pages, four thousand in all, are to be found the names and addresses of all London's inhabitants (1) in streets, (2) in alphabetical lists of private residents and of those engaged in any profession or business. The classified Trades Section, a masterpiece of meticulous accuracy, gives an alphabetical list of over 5,000 of London's professions and trades. No business house, library or public institution can possibly do without its *Kelly*.

TWELVE MONTHS OF CALENDAR CRIME ACCORDING TO W. HEATH ROBINSON——

Seasonable Selections from Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

— ACCORDING TO CHAS. CROMBIE —

— ACCORDING TO ALFRED LEETE —

OCTOBER 1925

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

NOVEMBER 1925

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

DECEMBER 1925

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Arthur Watts 24

—— AND ACCORDING TO ARTHUR WATTS

PARISIANA

By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"The glowing braziers of the café terraces"

MES AMIS—

ONE begins to feel sorry for those the Americans. It becomes more and more the habit to blame them for everything, the relatively minor embarrassments as much as the graver preoccupations. *Vraiment*, they do not entirely merit such a concentration of complaint. When they are criticised for having cornered all the world's gold, they scarcely ought to be blamed for spending it, as that is the only manner in which we can get it back where it ought to be. They are too deeply solicitous for our real welfare to pauperise us by giving it back.

"All alike in winter-time"

SO I think it is quite wrong for French parents who are about to take their families to the Riviera to say unkind things about American parents who are already down there, because they are allowing their children to scatter thousand-franc notes as if they were dimes. The grievance of the Parisian parent arises because his daughters are demanding more pin-money in order to maintain a similar pace to that of the American flappers. If the Parisian parent tried to pit francs against dollars under the duress of his daughters he would very soon have to be composing with his creditors.

DEMOISELLES of what used to be demure seventeen are very supercilious this winter on what can be done with five hundred francs, which, not so very long ago, was a handsome monthly allowance. "No possibilities of a 'flutter' on that meagre dole," she pouts. "A pair of gloves, a bottle of scent, a few taxi fares—and the change is twenty-five centimes. I want enough to be able to keep moving, not be left standing by those American girls." "Well, what'll I do?" pleads the distressed parent. "Couldn't you advance me something on my *dot*?"

THAT query has had such a vogue that parents of Paris would like American parents travelling on the Riviera to be forbidden to take more than a strictly limited amount. But there ought to be other ways out. After all, most Parisiennes should know how to get for nothing what Americans have to pay for. And we cannot turn away our old gold just because Americans choose to be reckless with it. A little dollar-diplomacy, *mes petites*, and the day is yours . . . .

LIFE in Paris is not conducive to a sturdy bearing towards the chilling blast. One loses the habit of stoutly facing the bitter breeze, founded among the north-easters of England. So a lot of coloured things have been lately said about Russia, which has been sending us marrow "searchers" from the steppes as an accompaniment to Camerade Krassin, whose motor-cars and manners, incidentally, are very reassuring to the *bourgeoisie*. If it were not for the cheeriness of the café terraces, with their glowing braziers radiating welcome, life would have been very dismal.

WE temporarily lost the spice of variety in dress. Muffled up to meet the piercing cold, all Parisiennes begin to look alike. The *petit chapeau cloche* was pressed down further than ever, making it almost impossible to see either forehead or eyes. Then the fur was drawn up to meet the hat, hiding chin and mouth. All that was left visible were noses, and they were not at their best. Most of their owners would probably have preferred their blush to remain unseen, but furs and hats had been stretched to their limits. Only the people of the P.L.M. are happy when Paris freezes. Blue noses mean good business for the *Train Bleu*.

THE irrepressible Deputies who represent the suburban *departement* of Seine-et-Oise are making another desperate effort to secure the reopening of the Casino at Enghien, which might be considered as belonging to Greater Paris. This must be about the hundred and eleventh time. However much the *citoyens* of lake-lapped, mosquito-bitten Enghien may deplore the loss of business, consequent on the lack of activity at their tables, they certainly cannot accuse their parliamentary representatives of lack of enterprise, for the

"Their pockets completely emptied"

doors of the Casino had scarcely been compulsorily closed before they were agitating to have them reopened, and they have been campaigning ever since.

ON this occasion they seem to have gained more support than has accompanied some of their efforts. Maybe it is thought that the Paris clerk, whose certain ruin was the spectre which always put a clammy hand on the prospects of the necessary Bill, has now acquired more self-reliance and will know how to gamble within his means, instead of having to return by the free train provided for those who had allowed their pockets to be completely emptied. Or it may be that the old tag about one law for the rich and another for the poor has more influence on the present Socialistic majority. Certainly the wealthy man can get as much gaming as he wishes in Paris without anyone trying to protect him from ruin. Promoters of the Bill admit that the passion for gambling is an evil, but the evil exists, they add, and the most sensible thing would be to let public charity benefit from it. *Nous allons voir.*

WITH the cunning hand of the practised craftsman, M. Marcel Achard has made a clever play out of a nursery rhyme which has a sentimental interest for Britons because it deals so quaintly with the love affairs of that grand old warrior, the Duke of Marlborough. There is also a further interest in that the tune of "*Malb'rough s'en va-t-en guerre*" is generally understood to be the original of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." French babies have been rocked to sleep for generations with this song-story about the terrible Marlborough, but nobody seems to know why he lost his first "r."

"Madame à sa tour monte"

I HAVE always loved the verse "*Madame à sa tour monte, Si haut qu'elle peut monter.*" When she has climbed as high as she can on the tower, she discovers what a nice boy the page is. One had need, apparently, for a lot of elaborate preliminaries in those leisurely days. In these cinematograph times the girls are all for close-up inspections, and that as early as possible. Some of us might stand the test better if we could be judged from a high tower. M. Achard follows the story of the song closely, and incidents and characters are prettily handled. The grace of the irony is reflected by delicate music. It is not, however, for those who have no love for poetry. RENÉ

ST. MARTIN CAPTURES THE BOLSHIE BUG By CON. H. LOMAX

One of the New Year's Eve special "stunts" which is to be presented by the students of St. Martin's School of Art at the Chelsea Arts and Bystander Ball. It shows St Martin, patron saint of tavern-keepers, wine-sellers and other dispensers of good cheer, accompanied by "saints" and "angels" leading round in triumph the captured "Bolshie Bug"

Out on the Credit Side

BY BERT THOMAS

CHRISTMAS REVELLER *(having been helped into taxi by friends—falls out the other side)*: "How mush do I owe you—hic—driver?"

Motley Musings

Our Ball

"Now's the day, and now's the hour."—Burns.

"Put on your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends that purpose merriment."—*Merchant of Venice.*

"I feel my strength increase with every thought on't."—Cartwright.

. . . . . .

Dr. Moffat has been busy re-writing the Bible. All that particular volume requires is re-reading.

. . . . . .

Professor Oozlebury of Minnesota, who has just translated Shakespeare into the American dialect, has favoured us with a specimen of his work: "Chums, Romans, and you with the hayseed; I've looked in to shove J. Cæsar in the bone-yard, not to give him the once over in front of the looking-glass." The rest of it is just as good as this.

. . . . . .

The Empire, owing to the alleged lack of first-rate comedians, is once more to become a picture palace. Meanwhile, other variety managements are thanking their lucky stars.

. . . . . .

We are informed that a Leicester lady has just completed a five-act Freudian drama. She must be one of those sexperts on the subject.

. . . . . .

A sexton in Devonshire has just published a small volume of humorous verses. We were disappointed that it was not entitled, "From Grave to Gay."

Red Letter Days

However short one's memory,
Although the Past seems but a haze,
I think my readers will agree,
All can recall Red Letter days
That were, when one was but a boy,
A source of almost painful joy.

I can recall, as yesteryear,
The very adjective and noun
That shocked the peaceful atmosphere
When Father laid the carpet down;
Who, having not the proper knack,
Inserted in his thumb the tack!

And I shall be as dust and naught,
Ere I forget the frantic din
When Auntie, heeling hard to port,
Skidded on that banana skin!
And oh, the hurricane-like stir,
When Ma found Nurse had pinched her fur!

Yet most I mark, when adding up
Those milestones in my memory,
That day when my red spaniel pup
Was mother of a family;
That *was, I think you'll fairly say,*
A regular red litter day!

The New Generation

A school inspector states that "the modern schoolgirl has not much use for the old chivalric stories."

How Hawke came swooping down the Western Ocean
No longer makes the schoolgirl's bosom glow;
She has for him the calm, detached emotion
She feels for "Ivanhoe."

And only half-inclined is she to render
Homage to Drake, that model of a tar;
Nor gleans the glamour of the Young Pretender,
Or of Young Lochinvar!

If I should ask, "Oh, Eva, Ethel, Emmy,
Do tales of chivalry but make you laugh?"
*They would colloquially say, "*pas demi*!"*
In other words, "not half!"

Cast for the heroes of to-day their vote is.
Describe a desert scene with fibs and fakes,
And straightaway they'll sit up and take notice,
In an (em)brace of sheiks!

Old literary paths that we *have trodden,*
These damosels regard with scornful frown;
For when it comes to Hims, Ancient and Modern,
The latter win, hands down!

. . . . . .

A Midland workman was accidentally drowned last week by falling into a vat. Few of us find the solution of our troubles so easily.

. . . . . .

"But didn't you think his acting was marvellous? especially when he died in the last act."

"If he'd only done that in the first five minutes, I shouldn't have complained!"

. . . . . .

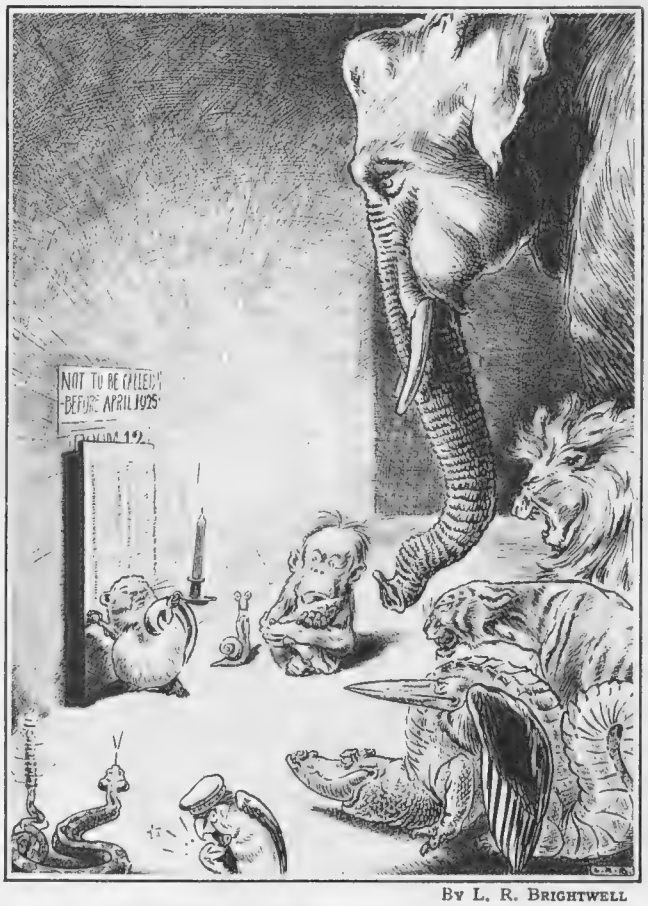
We recently overheard a gentleman, who was a great admirer of Corney Grain at the piano, dismissing the claims of rival entertainers with the Tennysonian lines:

And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

. . . . . .

It is curious that such a staid body as the Royal Academy should so frivolously be going back to Dicksee.

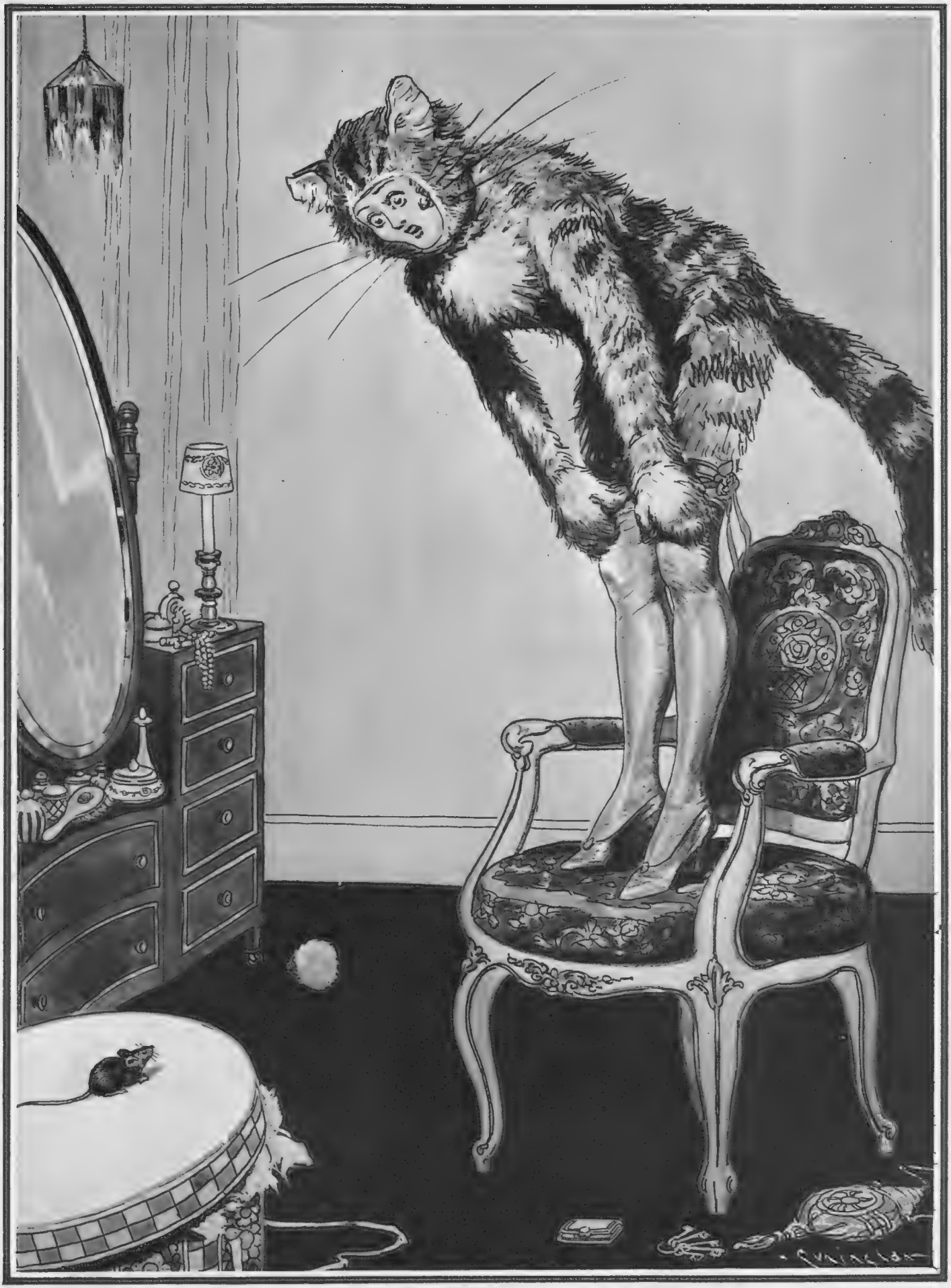
HARTLEY CARRICK



By L. R. Brightwell

SLEEPING-SICKNESS AT THE ZOO

Mr. Dormouse: "Well, cheerio, you chaps—hope you have a happy, digestive, inexpensive, chilblainless Christmas, and all that sort of thing"



BY CUNINGHAM

THE PHILISTINE

Where Winter is Worth While

"WHERE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS EMBRACE THE SKY"

A panoramic view of the snow-covered mountainous scenery in which the visitor to Zweisimmen can revel after a short climb up the hill-side to the 'vantage-point seen above

Keystone

THE EXPERT TOUCH

Mrs. Lea Fraussen, who holds more than twenty-two First International skating prizes, doing a few fancy "stunts" with Miss E. Muller, the well-known instructor. The photo was taken on the rink at St. Moritz

Sport and General

GETTING DOWN TO IT

Curling, which like so many other admirable institutions originated in Scotland, finds great favour in Switzerland. Above, Mr. J. A. Graham is seen indulging in a game of "ice bowls" on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz

Sport and General

OFF FOR A RUN

The Marquise de Polignac, who appears to have joined the "hatless brigade," setting off for a morning's ski-ing at St. Moritz, now full of visitors

A Pictorial Survey of the Snowfields

WHERE THE SNOW DICTATES THE SPORT

A photograph of one of the competitors in a ski-jumping competition at Wengen. Although "up above the world so high," he is decidedly more graceful than "a tea-tray in the sky"

Keystone

ON THE ICE

Although skating, thanks to the unreliability of our own climate, is more or less a "back number" at home, it is as popular as ever in Switzerland. Above are seen Miss Doreen Barbour-Turnbull and Mr. Revell on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz

Sport and General

'WARE GLARE!

The Misses Dorothy and Eva Prodgers on ski-ing bent at St. Moritz. The sunshade is intended as a protection against the glare from the snow—not as a guard against the terrible dangers of sun-stroke

Sport and General

EYES ON THE MARK

G. Archibald, the well-known jockey, curling at St. Moritz. He appears to take the present business as seriously as he does his racing

Hearts and Crampits!

By A. A. THOMSON

HEARTS AND CRAMPITS! (*Our almost brutally powerful serial*)

NEW READERS (*if certified of strong constitution*) START HERE:

CRISTIANIA TURNER, a bewilderingly beautiful girl of twenty-two, is in love with

MARK TELLY, the handsome young British ice-ludo champion, who has incurred the malevolence of the sinister

BARON BODENSPÜCKEN, who, with his creature,

COUNT AUSGANG VON BAHNHOF, has sworn to destroy him.

Now take two aspirins and go on with the story.

CHAP. XXXV

THE Winter Sports Season at Büngelberg was at its height. (It was a great height—3,175 metres, to be exact.) The quaint old-world Swiss village, with its thirty-nine hotels, glowed with a blaze of colour—snow, sunshine and the sports suits of the American visitors. High society was represented by H.R.H. the Gahlik of Yadil, the Grand Duke of Achtung-Bob, the Marquis de Chaluz-Letz, Sir Crampet and Lady Stemm-Christie, whilst amongst the world's athletic champions were Inwick McInwick, of the Auchtermuchty Ski-Curling Club, and Besom Q. Besom, of Quackerville, Pa.

In a secluded corner of the Mah-Jong rink a man and a girl might have been seen clinging together in a passionate embrace, for he loved her madly, and the ice was very slippery.

"Cristiania," breathed Mark, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Mark," replied the girl, wistfully choctawing away from him, "I will marry you if——"

"If?" he repeated, hanging breathlessly upon her words and one skate.

"If you win the ice-ludo championship for England," said she.

"I shall win it," cried Mark, "as sure as I am standing here!"

And, although he immediately fell down, the beautiful girl was satisfied with her lover's promise.

CHAP. XXXVI

IN the deserted bar of the Büngelberg Hotel (Büngelberg) sat two men. In order to allay suspicion, they were drinking.

"Bodenspücken," said the first, "how long are you going to allow that puppy, Mark Telly, to live? What have you done?"

"I have tried everything," murmured Baron Bodenspücken, hoarsely. "I have accused him of cheating at ice-croquet. He only laughed. I have secretly buttered his skis before his morning ski-run down the Matterhorn. He came back for more butter. I sprinkled the bob-run with broken bottles. He came back and thanked me! He seems to have nine lives, curse him!"

"Listen, Baron," hissed Von Bahnhof. "There is but one way to settle this cursed Englishman. To-morrow, you and he contest for the world's ice-ludo championship upon the Grand Büngelberg Rink, which lies exactly under our bedroom windows. Do you follow me?"

"*Ja*," muttered Bodenspücken, "the bedrooms cost ten francs a night extra on that account."

"Fool," snarled the other. "What I mean is this: when the match begins, Mark Telly will be standing beneath my window. The crowd will be intent upon the play. At a given signal I will drop a curling-stone on his head. Do you follow me?"

"Excellent," laughed the Baron. "A curling-stone is made of granite and weighs forty-two pounds—Von Bahnhof, you are an intelligent man!"

They finished their *sauerkraut* in silence. (Which was rather unusual, for them.)

CHAP. XXXVII

ROUND the Grand Büngelberg Rink (Büngelberg) all society was gathered to witness the great match. A military band blared forth the strains of the Swiss national anthem: "We don't want to *luge* you——" Every eye was strained to watch the entry of the two stalwart gladiators, champions of their respective countries.

Ringing cheers rose as Mark Telly, smartly attired in athletic garb—red, white and blue sweater with well-cut ludo-breeches—telemarked into the ring. Opposition cheers (from a *claque* of waiters hired at five francs a cheer) greeted the appearance of his rival. Silence fell as the two champions were observed to be tossing the caber for choice of innings. Further cheers rang out as Mark, ice-dice in hand, took his stand upon the ludo crampit and rolled back his sleeves.

Thud! The crowd looked up. Baron Bodenspücken had disappeared.

What had happened? Count Ausgang von Bahnhof had thrown his stone. Count Ausgang was a bad man.

But he was a worse shot.

The heavy curling-stone had fallen—not on our hero—but on the head of Baron Bodenspücken, driving him straight down through nine feet of ice... The ice closed over him, and the match was awarded, without question, to Mark Telly.

"My darling," he murmured, as he clasped the trembling Cristiania in a passionate embrace....

The following week they began to excavate for the Baron.

On Monday they dug up his hat.

On Tuesday they dug up his coat.

[*No other thrilling instalment next Wednesday.*]

A "BUMPER" PERFORMANCE By STAN. TERRY

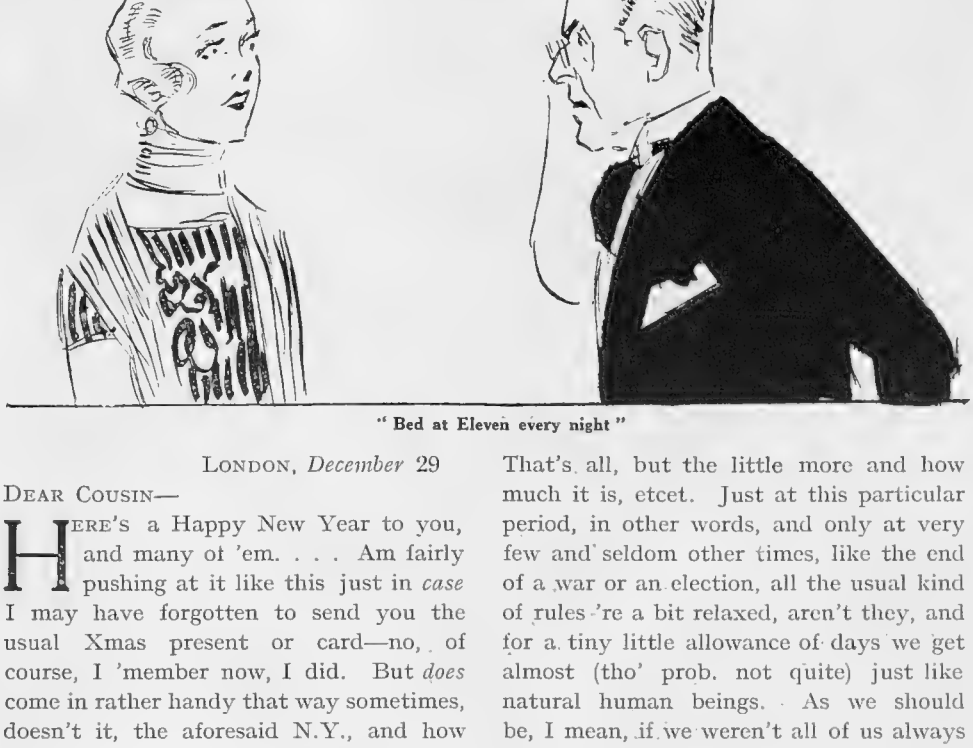
SHE: "Er—w-wouldn't you care to sit out the rest of this one?"

Picked Out at the "Pic"

Dorothy Wilding

MISS LILIAN BOND

A charming member of the Piccadilly Hotel Cabaret which did so much to make the Christmas season a truly merry one



"Bed at Eleven every night"

—And a Happy New Year

By Blanchette

Illustrated by Helen McKie

LONDON, *December* 29

DEAR COUSIN—

HERE'S a Happy New Year to you, and many of 'em. . . . Am fairly pushing at it like this just in *case* I may have forgotten to send you the usual Xmas present or card—no, of course, I 'member now, I did. But *does* come in rather handy that way sometimes, doesn't it, the aforesaid N.Y., and how fearfully smart of whoever invents all these festivals to think of having a sort of second house or chapel-of-ease, as you might say, so close after the other one, what?

NOT that Christmas isn't rather a wonderful time, really, spite of what all the tired and *blasés* persons of our ancient acquaintance will still persist in saying. Such a *démodé* pose, too, it seems to me, to pretend to despise it all. Far, far brighter if you have any sort of reputation for the right thing, to tell the world that this annual celebration's just the cutest thing yet, or words to that effect—'stead of adopting that bored attitude once favoured by the Victorian young.

PERSONALLY, must 'fess I love Christmas *and* New Year, and all that therein is. Dash it all (said she, recklessly), even if lots of things misfired, and the turkey didn't turn up in proper time, and your new frock had to be altered at the last moment, and the cook was discovered kissing the butler under the mistletoe just at the precise moment when the pudding should have been sent up, and we were all tapping the table with our spoons—well, we take the rough with the smooth.

'COS why? 'Cos it's a lovely revelling time when nothing really matters. That's all, but the little more and how much it is, etcet. Just at this particular period, in other words, and only at very few and seldom other times, like the end of a war or an election, all the usual kind of rules 're a bit relaxed, aren't they, and for a tiny little allowance of days we get almost (tho' prob. not quite) just like natural human beings. As we should be, I mean, if we weren't all of us always hemmed in and shut down by some millions of laws and regulations, and always being frightened of what someone 'll say or do, and how pos'tively *awful* it'd be if we fairly let ourselves go. . . .

HENCE (said she, sapiently) the continued popularity (*malgré* much opposition) of Christmas. A period, traditionally, of cheerfulness and joy, wherein, it must be confessed, they also try very hard sometimes to make us weep—but then quite a lot of people seem to thoroughly *enjoy* weeping. Like at *Pollyanna*, f'rinstance, at the St. James's which is, 'tween you and me, dear cousin, the loveliest Christmas play that I ever yet met.

"Here's a Happy New Year"

EVERYONE'S been denouncing it for its sloppy sentiment, but methinks it's just the seasonable affair right to the uttermost cross on the T. Girl of eleven who tries to make everyone "glad" and 's herself only too prepared to be glad even 'cos of her freckles (they might have been warts), and when she's run off and the hard-hearted stepmother [illegible] one kisses her—"Oh, if I'd only been run over in the first act p'raps you'd have loved me before," says she, or words more or less of the same drift or gist.

REAL dog on stage, also cat, and Maire O'Neill as the d'lightful Irish servant, and at the end of first act youthful heroine (aged twenty-two in real life), quietly and calmly kneels down front of footlights and does a bit of serious praying. And if that isn't proper act *pucca* drammer, what is? I ask you.

WELL, well, 's rather nice to be weak and frivolous now and then just for a change, what? The aforesaid Christmas spirit being always still around for at any rate a semblance of an excuse. Now that one seems to want even a semblance when the Co-Optimists are on the *tapis*—those perfectly reckless revellers at the Palace, who've just launched a perfectly good new edition which's been heavily censored 'cos of the Lord Chamberlain suddenly discovering that they'd been making some p'litical allusions. Bad lads, what?

S'TRUE, Mr. Gilbert Chil[illegible] does still in the course of the show appear as "The Man Who Smokes a Pipe," and makes a few remarks about how "the only Navy cut he can stand is the Navy cut he smokes," and how the time is going to come (apropos of the housing question) when "every working man can ha[illegible]

hree Castles for a bob." But these ttle matters, I s'pose, have othing to do with politics, or for hat matter with any prominent olitician who may happen in the ourse of business to smoke a pipe.

卐

BUT no one, anyway, I'm glad to say, has yet attempted to ensor Mr. Davy Burnaby's little yric about the Ogo Pogo (whereof ne Mr. Walter Williams has lready had one or two words to ay). Most exhilarating, you know, o hearken to Mr. Burnaby humming to us all about how—

We're looking for the Ogo Pogo
The jolly little Ogo Pogo—
His mother was an earwig,
His father was a whale. . . .

And then all the subsequent, and eems to me rather tragic history bout the way they're trying to ut salt on his tail, because—

The Lord Mayor of London,
The Lord Mayor of London (*forte*)
The Lord Mayor of London (*fortissimo*)
Wants to put him in the Lord Mayor's Show.

卐

AWFULLY sorry for the Ogo Pogo, but I s'pose he's yet another ictim of that "tyranny of home" they alked about in a play of that name at the veryman the other day. A terribly ntriguing affair it was, really, wherein Ir. Campbell Gullan appeared as the harmingest possible rector, and always ept on wanting everything to be for the est in the best of all possible worlds, nly circs. would keep on thwarting him.

卐

HATE London, I do. Wish I was winter-sporting, or 't any ate winter-dancing, in some of hose nice Swiss "resorts" just ow, even if snow *isn't* really a ery frequent visitor till about the iddle of Jan. But am not sure hat—till the middle of Jan. anyway—we aren't just as well off ere in London now. 'Specially s there happens to be a rather ice ball at the Albert Hall this ext Wednesday as ever is, whereat the Chelsea artists will e present in force, and THE YSTANDER will simultaneously elebrate its birthday in some conderable style, with Venetian carival, and hunting scene, and Perian revels, and some mysterious nti-Bolshie operations, etcet.

卐

AND at the Piccadilly also, there are some quite pleasing "winter sports" in the way of lances, and also a cabaret show hat includes Renie Riano, that

"Blasé people"

genius of a girl who doesn't depend altogether on her good looks (said she, politely), and all sorts of "girls" who dash about gaily and gladly in the absolute min. of clothes, but what is there is good, as Mr. George Robey'd put it.

卐

AQUITE fairly 'citing life after all—more especially when you don't know when you're going to be cat-burglared next. Or be asked to solve one of those cross-word puzzles that're making life such a miserable burden for us all. Or be invited to say what you think about thought-transference, as done in the best circles by Lord Balfour, Prof. Gilbert Murray, and the rest. Perfectly and completely plain and simple though, really, this last. All you've got to do being just to remember—'cording to a Lady Professor in the *Sunday Times*—that "the character of a sensation depends not only upon the strength, vibration rate and duration of the stimulus, but also very much on the conditions of the sensory apparatus when stimulated."

卐

OF course, the specificity of nerve endings is also rather a 'portant point, and you must be sure 'bout the cortical field and the peripheral apparatus, but 'part from those little matters, the whole thing's abs'lutely as clear as mud. So that's that. And, oh, by the way, 'cording to another authority, a doctor-man, we simply must be in bed every night "by or before" eleven o'clock unless we want to have all the worst diseases on the map and perish wretchedly ere our prime.

卐

QUITE easy that, too, wouldn't it be—if we were only snails or fossils or something nice and peaceable like that? Nothing doing, I'm 'fraid—and greatly fear we shall still continue, spite of the best advice, in our sadly perverse and after-midnight ways.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"After-midnight ways"

RUGGER RAGGINGS

HOW TO GET THERE.

By "PENDARVES"

THERE are several ways of getting to Twickenham—all difficult. The newspapers on Saturday morning will rake up some of the old phrases such as "all roads lead to Twickenham to-day." This, I presume, is written merely to add to one's pessimism. Of course all roads will lead to Twickenham—anyone could have told them that—the difficulty is to know which road to take, and when to take it. Also it would be comforting to know for certain which road is "up," and which is not? It would be nice, too, to be assured on competent authority, and not on babbling second-hand hearsay, that the route you have thoughtfully planned out with a large scaled Ordnance map, or at least some important sector of it, has not been taken "up" since the final trial match on the 19th when you passed that way.

All sorts of cunning men arrive in ones' hearing on an international match day with a new method of getting quickly to Twickenham, and away from it. These men should be avoided carefully; they deceive themselves and the truth is not in them.

There is the emphatic gentleman with the convincing manner of speech, who waves all discussion aside with "Don't be silly, you chaps: there is only one way by car: dash it, I ought to know, I come up on the bally road every morning of my life."

He makes it perfectly clear that if you go *that* way you will have "a practically empty road—except for the trams," and that you can park the car in a cabbage field he knows of (about a mile from the ground), and everything is plain sailing: perfect.

You follow this prophet in his directions as far as the outer purlieus of Chiswick, where he takes a mysterious turning to the left, "*not* that main road, the little one with the pub at the corner, I forget its name for the moment, but you can't miss it. . . ." and here you lose all sense of directions as assuredly as you will lose yourself and car party at about this point on the fatal day.

There is the early bird who says: "It doesn't matter which route you take so long as you start in good time: worst of you fellows is you leave everything to the last moment." He entirely overlooks the fact that if you are there before 12,000 other cars in the favourite fields of parking, 11,999 will be between you and freedom after the match.

There is the placid individual who believes in going down "behind all the crowd, and getting there just before the kick off: I've done this scores of times, honestly—great mistake to fuss. . . ." He reduces all the occupants of his crawling car to a frenzy of fear that they will never get into the dam ground at all

Some people, about 25,000, elect to go by train. The bulk of these seem to you to be making for the same train as you are. You get there eventually, of course, with twenty-one people in your carriage, and all is as well as can be expected. It is the getting back by train that is so enervating. You queue up on the platform, and, in the fullness of time, a train slides in. Amid cries of "Feet . . . feet . . . shove forwards . . . coming on the RIGHT, England. . . ." some of the queue squeezes in—you are not counted amongst those present, being a small man: and the same thing happens with train No. 2; except that this time no carriage draws up exactly opposite you, and you therefore shove, in the back row of the scrum, at an angle of disadvantage, and are no more seen.

The Shepherd's Bush-Uxbridge Road-Northfields-across-the-new-Bath Road adherent bets the Hammersmith-Richmond Bridge-Twickenham town tourist a pound he is there "ages before you are—it's madness to go that way." These bets never materialise because neither party sees the other again. But if they meet after the match both swear they were there "comfortably by two-fifteen."

The obvious thing to do nowadays is to trundle down sedately directly after breakfast in a warm limousine with a large picnic hamper from Borstal and Bateman's and make a day of it. After all, Twickenham is a quaint old-world place, and as the local guide-book puts it so succinctly, "radiating at all points of the compass are pleasing walks . . . lovers of scenery are abundantly catered for . . . to the geologist the district around will prove of interest, and the photographer will find ample scope for his skill . . ."

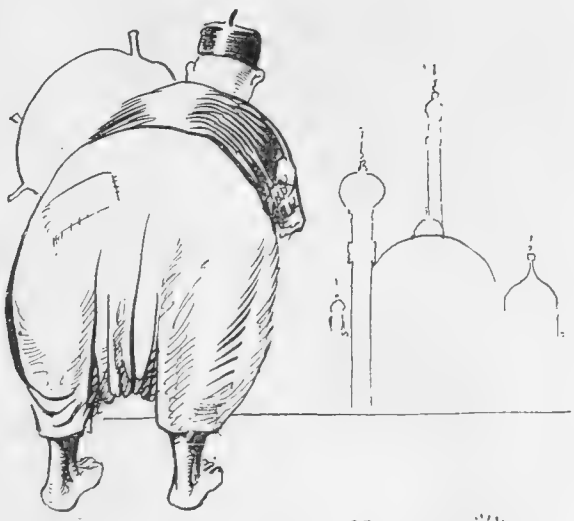
I am in rather a superior frame of mind this week because I have found a secret way of getting to Twickenham from Piccadilly. Yes: and it costs only 9*d*. each way. You go by Tube from Down Street to——, but no, thanks! I don't want every Bystander in the place creeping down my way. It is a jolly good way too. I don't mind telling anyone after the match. Meanwhile I want a reasonable chance of being able to see New Zealand take 10 or 15 points off the flower of England's manhood—as they will: if not more.

Will anyone have a small bet——?

"WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU!" [*Central News*

Two England players "taking a Rest" during the international trial match at Twickenham. The Rest beat England by 20 points to 14, thus giving the selection committee a far from easy task in picking the team to meet the All Blacks

You may think that your generation were pioneers in plus fours

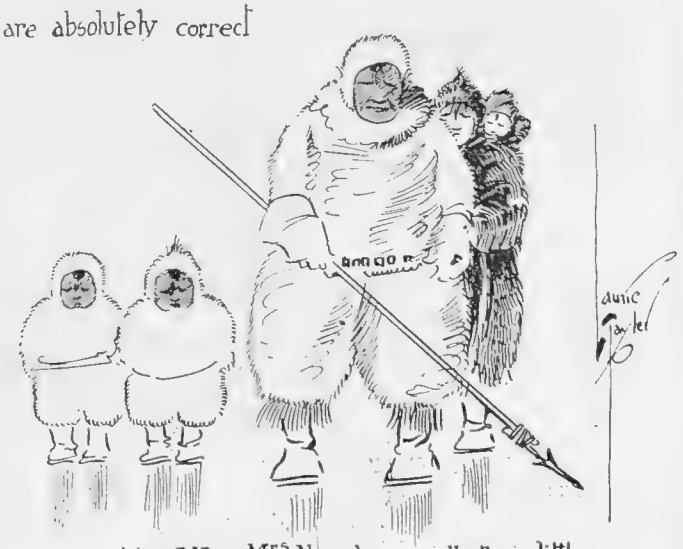


But this Turkish lank could'nt crowd himself into anything smaller

Indian Jugglers concealed their whole jug of tricks in the leg thereof

And for stepping up Russian steppes they are absolutely correct

Not to mention the well known Dutch variety



Whilst Mr & Mrs Nanook & all the little Nanooks have found them indispensable for centuries

BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE "PLUS FOUR" HANDICAP IN DIFFERENT CLIMES

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

The Favourites

ONE of the resolutions for the New Year which racing people might profitably make is to keep off the favourites in the big races in the coming season. I do not think it is possible to recall a year in which it would have paid you to support the favourites consistently in the premier events. On the contrary, there have been seasons in which only two or three of those races have been won by animals who started at short prices. The results last year were not so bad as they were in the previous season. Still, they left backers with very little to wax enthusiastic about. A good start was made when Sir Gallahad III won the Lincolnshire Handicap. He was a favourite of the best sort, having been steadily backed down from 25 to 1 to his starting price at 9 to 2. It can fairly be said that his supporters never had the slightest anxiety during the race, which he had won practically from the rising of the tapes. Those of his backers who endeavoured to play up their winnings on Conjuror II in the Grand National later in the week had a saddening experience.

Some Disasters Recalled

THE City and Suburban was a bad race for those who make it a practice of following the money. You will remember that Pharos was a hot favourite for the popular Epsom handicap, and if the ground had been on the firm side he would assuredly have started at an extremely short price. As it happened, the going was fetlock deep, and those associated with Pharos knew that his chances of success had diminished in the prevailing conditions. In spite of this he remained favourite at 3 to 1. The winner turned up in Ulula, one of the rankest outsiders in the field. The favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas was Tom Pinch, and in that race the arch-deceiver finished out of a place. In the One Thousand, Mumtaz Mahal was virtually an even money chance, but she was outstayed by Plack. In the Chester Cup, Scullion, the strongest order, failed to get into the first three behind Rugeley. For once in a way the Derby was won by a favourite. It will be remembered, however, that it was not until the last few minutes that Sansovino came into first position in the market, Diophon and Tom Pinch having previously held favouritism at different times.

L.N.A.

CROSSING THE "STICKS"

Captain Mike Wardle taking his fences with a bit and to spare at a recent meet of the Quorn at Barkby Hall

More Set-Backs

THE Oaks favourite was Plack, for whom Straitlace proved too good. Soldumeno was looked upon as something like a racing certainty for the Manchester Cup, yet his display was grievously disappointing, and backers were aghast when they saw Chosroes roll home at 20 to 1, finishing a long way in front of his better-fancied stable companion, Hurry Off. I have good reason to remember the Ascot Stakes, for I had supported Keror some time before the date of the race at odds of 33 to 1. It looked a good bet when he wound up favourite at 11 to 2, but he was beaten into second place, Scullion improving upon his Chester form and scoring at 10 to 1. One of the biggest surprises of the year occurred when Dinkie carried off the Royal Hunt Cup at 50 to 1, while calculations were also upset when Massine proved himself to be the best of the French competitors in the Gold Cup.

New Year Racing

LATER in the season we saw the Cesarewitch fall to a 100 to 1 chance in Charley's Mount, and on the last day of the campaign a red-hot favourite was beaten in the Manchester November Handicap. All of this points to the wisdom of leaving out the favourite in the big races, but I am afraid we shall all forget the lessons of the past before the new campaign has progressed very far. At Manchester this week, the Victory Steeplechase on New Year's Day may be won by **Southend** while **Phantom Charley** is my selection for the Victory Hurdle Race on the following day.

By "THE TOUT"

F. B. REES

The leading cross-country jockey who has completed a record by riding over 100 winners "between the flags" in 1924

Hunting Notes

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

In Warwickshire

A FAMOUS fox-hunting authority once declared that "all countries are good in their way: some have collars, all have sport." It is not easy to differentiate between the countries which form that favoured region known as the Shires. I have heard enthusiastic Warwickshire men declare that theirs "is the best and greatest country to hunt a fox in." That opinion may not be shared by Leicestershire people, but it is quite certain that the Warwickshire country possesses a great fascination for all good riders to hounds who know it. Respect is inspired by the formidable nature of its fences, strongly built round the big enclosures where cattle graze. The area is full of brooks, and in a wet season like the present those obstacles are not to be lightly tackled.

A Good Season

THIS is the first year for more than half a century that the Warwickshire country has not had a Willoughby de Broke in the Mastership. The hounds are now under the joint control of Mr. Walter Buckmaster and the Hon. E. Portman. They have made a very good start, sport having been well up to the average up to Christmas. Previously the hounds had experienced a most successful time during cub-hunting, killing twenty-six brace of foxes. They have, of course, had a few bad days. That is inevitable in a season which has not been particularly noteworthy for favourable scenting conditions. On the other hand they have shown their followers a number of really good hunts, and in what has been termed the recent Bolshevist rising in connection with the governing body of the game.

Walter Bale

OUT WITH THE FERNIE

General and Mrs. Jack at a meet of the Fernie. General Jack, owing to the fortunes of war (hunting), had the bad luck to meet with an accident in the field, necessitating medical attention

Walter Bale

YOUTH AND THE FERNIE

Little Master Francis Alexander, son of Captain Alexander of Market Harboro', who shows that he has reached years of discretion by following the Fernie

prospects for the New Year are extremely bright. Mr. Buckmaster is making a popular and successful M.F.H.

"Buck"

Now that Mr. Buckmaster has retired from active participation in polo he is putting all his energies into his new fox-hunting responsibilities, and there is not the slightest fear that the Warwickshire Hounds will suffer in reputation so long as he is at the helm. I have seen it stated that he would make an ideal chairman for the newly constituted Hurlingham Club Polo Committee. I doubt, however, whether he could be prevailed upon to accept such a position. He declares that he has not bothered much about polo since he relinquished playing, and he was not concerned

Poole-Waterford

ATHERSTONE PERSONALITIES

Captain Edward Ramsden the Master of the Atherstone, and Mrs. Arthur James, the Warwickshire lady J.P., at Coton House, Mrs. James's lovely home at Churchover. Captain Ramsden was formerly Master of the Cleveland and shared the Mastership of the Southwold last season. He is also well-known as a player of prowess in regimental polo

Leading Followers

AMONG those who go best with the Warwickshire in these days are Mr. Phil Forrest, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Garland Emmet, Mr. Francis Weatherby, Lord Manton, and Mr. Reggie Dibbin. It is not easy to pick out the best of the Warwickshire ladies, for a good many of them can hold their own with the men when hounds are running on a good serving scent. The Misses Buckmaster must assuredly be mentioned. They have inherited their father's beautiful hands and his ability to find his way in the leading rank over a stiff country. Miss Fielden is another fine horsewoman who is usually to be seen in a good place, and in the same category I would include Lady Manton, Mrs. Nicholas, Lady Ebrington, and Mrs. Starkey. But I know there are a number of others who ought to be named.

THE OATH MONGER

BY AN EXECUTOR. ILLUSTRATED BY WATTS

"What is the meaning of all this . . . ?"

An intrepid gentleman once said, "The law's a hass." On the contrary it is a closed corporation of austere, acid gentlemen who pick you up from time to time in their centipedian clutches, unnerve you with their phraseology, and cast you out again, filched, when finished with.

My old pal, Bill, died recently, and appointed me his Executor. I don't think a man should do this without warning you first what it means.

Anyway, Bill's Solicitors made an appointment for me to call and see them, to "swear affidavits for probate," which sounded rather ominous and unpleasant. I did not arrive at their office in the best of tempers because I had foregone a most important game of snooker with Macalister, who fancies himself overmuch with the black. But Messrs. Jakes, Keen, Chitham, Grant and Gregory had said Thursday at twelve was the only available day. It is curious how privileged lawyers are. They appear to have a prescriptive right (under some old Charter, possibly) to put *all* the partners' names on the letter paper. They never say "Jakes and Co.," like ordinary traders. But, of course, an array of names inspires fear. I hadn't thought of that. And the fear arrives all right. When you get into their offices and stand in the lobby, coffined as to the vault-like walls with black deed-boxes, you instinctively remove your hat.

I think it must have been Mr. Gregory I saw. He was an explosive person who brought back to me unpleasant reminiscences of childhood. I was by now in that over-anxious-to-please state induced in witnesses who have been trapped by counsel into damaging self-admissions. It appeared that the "papers" were all ready. There was a monumental pile of them on his table, tied loosely together with tape. He whipped a prayer-book out of an alpaca pocket (a staunch churchman evidently) and told me to swear, by numbers, as it were, taking the time from him. I don't quite know what I was swearing about. But it was a great relief. He explained, curtly, that he was a Commissioner for Oaths. He seemed to make a hobby of this swearing business, as a side line, I imagined, to the ordinary conveying, chancery, and litigation.

I signed my name, with an unspeakable pen, five times, in places assigned to me with prods of his finger; and he followed suit by signing his name near mine in a spidery hand. The first touch of friendliness, this was, signing alongside me.

He said to a nervous clerk:

"Er—Edwards, this pen-nib does not appear to be, is not in fact, in complete affinity with the ink."

I plucked up sufficient courage at this point to say, jocularly, "What is the meaning of all this signing and oath-taking rot, anyway?"

I suspected he might have a grain of humour himself somewhere, hidden away behind the folds of his parchment face, and that, in view of his last utterance, he would perhaps look slyly at me over his horn glasses, and say:

"Yes, 'tis rather rot, isn't it? But there it is. These little things are sent to try us—what?"

And then I should probably have asked him to lunch at Simpson's.

Instead of which he replied, much in the antarctic tone used by my House Master at school on the fourth consecutive morning when I had been late for early chapel,

"Rot? sir. Rot? I assure you it is nothing of the kind. The meaning is twofold. The reason clear and well-defined. The oath is, firstly, to enable the necessary death duties to be levied" [I remarked that it seemed hard one should be fined for dying, but he waved the irrelevancy aside with a piece of tired blotting-paper], "and, secondly, to create a continuity of personality. M'm—er—you sign here now."

While bemused at the necessity for swearing to *enable* the Inland Revenue to pinch some of poor Bill's worldly goods, the latter reason left me a shaken and a beaten man.

Think of it! The dignity and mystery of the phrase. "To create a continuity of personality." I mean, no mere player of snooker-pool, even with his own cue locked away in its black tin case, can cope with this kind of thing. It's not fair. He explained, somewhat more kindly, but none the less firmly, in answer to my incoherent mouthings, that I, the Executor, was the duly appointed authority for carrying on the personality of Bill in the world. Bill becomes me. That is where the catch is!

I asked hurriedly if Bill's debts became mine also?

But no. Apparently the "Estate" would deal with those.

It suddenly occurred to me what Bill's "Estate" consisted of, and I became really terrified.

Bill left, gross, £374 9*s.* 3*d.*, a push-bike with a burst tyre, and a harmonium his mother gave him in 1898.

So that, legally speaking, I suppose, the remaining unpaid creditors will descend like a swarm of locusts upon me, the continuity of personality I had better ask him if that were really so. And yet if I did, *I* should begin to run up a bill of costs for legal advice with Jakes, Keen, Chitham, Grant and Gregory, in equal proportions.

"A nervous clerk"

I dug for my hat beneath the papers, and rose, perspiring freely.

"Well, *good* morning, Mr. Brown, thank 'e. Somerset House *may* send the papers back for amendment—one never knows, does one? In which case, any day about this time I daresay would suit you?"

I supposed it would.

But I am going to the Riviera, secretly, by to-morrow's boat.

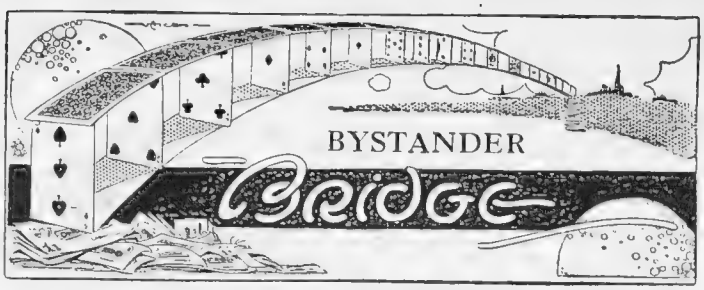
I feel it will be cheaper in the end.

Dancing in the Dry Lands

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MISS MARION COURTNEY

Who is appearing in "George White's Scandals" at the Globe Theatre, New York. Presumably the bunch of grapes trimming on the—er—skirt is a sarcastic dumb protest against Prohibition



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

TAKING STOCK

WHAT sort of a year have you had at Bridge? If you have kept your accounts you will know the financial results, and I hope they are satisfactory.

No matter what points you play, be it sixpence per hundred or five pounds, you should always keep account of your wins and losses. The entering of them day by day from your card into a pocket-book is the affair of a moment, and, if you form the habit, you will do it mechanically. If you do not keep accounts you can never be certain whether you are a winner or a loser, and, although it may not matter to you either way, you miss the salutary lessons that card accounts yield.

. . . . . .

My practice is to make up my Bridge accounts at the end of the year and not month by month. And very instructive I find it. Often I could swear that I had had a losing year, only to find that, after all, the balance pans out on the right side. The reason is that every year I strike a bad patch lasting sometimes over a period of weeks and sometimes over a period of months. That bad patch bites into the memory. One imagines that one has lost more than one really has. I have been through the stage where I felt that I was never going to win a rubber any more, or, at any rate, have a winning sitting. Now the strange fact, looking at my books for the past five years, is that I notice that these bad runs of luck occur always at the same period of the year. I make a present of this fact to the superstitious. I cannot explain it. You may say that it may have been due to faults in my play of which I was not conscious. But then, why should these things occur always at the same time of year? Have we all unlucky months and seasons at which we should refrain from playing games with an element of chance? I wonder. . . .

By Graham Simmons

THE WATER BABIES

PEDESTRIAN (*lost in fog*): "Where am I going to?"
VOICE: "The river. I've just come from there"

Your accounts are a kind of Bridge barometer. They show you how you are going on. You have a record of your fluctuations and a reminder of past mistakes. "Ah," you say, when you come across the record of a particularly bad day, "that was when my partner let me down 600 points." Or "that was the day I went mad and would not hold my tongue."

"How many points," you ask yourself, "have I lost through my own folly?" Those Bridge accounts bring you face to face with yourself and your own blunders and mistakes.

. . . . . .

A careful player who keeps elaborate records of his rubbers told me that he had had in one year 428 "sittings." This means that he had played every day and on some occasions had had two "sittings." On 229 occasions he won and on 199 lost. He calculates that the best player cannot expect to win more than 3 per cent. on his annual turnover. The actual turnover for a man playing fairly high—say £1 per hundred—may easily amount to £50 per sitting. That is to say, this is the sum of money that actually changes hands. So that anyone playing 400 times a year would have a turnover of £20,000. If he continued to win 3 per cent. on this sum he would not be doing badly.

. . . . . .

The most interesting fact that accounts disclose is the way in which things average themselves out in the course of a twelvemonth. If you experience the long bad run I have referred to, and most players do, you will find that there is a compensating good run. The good run will not equal the bad run exactly. But you will find that you get "bits and pieces" here and there, perhaps undeserved slices of luck, extraordinary "slammy" hands and big scores. I know some players who never have bad runs. With them it is ding-dong always. One day up, the next day down, but never any outstanding feature of good or bad luck. But in my experience Fortune seldom mixes her favours. She hits us hard when we are "down" and smiles upon us when we are "up." I am a firm believer in backing your luck when it is in.

If you call this gross superstition I don't mind a bit. It is the result of the experience of many long hours spent, or mis-spent, at the card-table.

. . . . . .

But the financial aspect of Bridge is, after all, not the most important. The great thing is: Have you improved in the course of the year?

If you are one of those people who imagine you know all about the game and that your methods are incapable of improvement, there is nothing more to be said. It must be very pleasant to be so self-complacent. But, as a matter of fact, no one knows all there is to be known about Bridge. And the more you know the more you realise how much there is still to be learnt.

. . . . . .

And do you extract from Bridge the utmost enjoyment it will yield? So many players, judging by their outward demeanour, at any rate, seem to regard it as a penance rather than a pleasure—and a penance which they must fulfil. They worry over the game. This arises usually from playing too high or playing too long. As New Year resolutions I would suggest the following:

"I will not play too high; I will not play too long."
"I will consider my partner."
"I will not grouse or chortle."

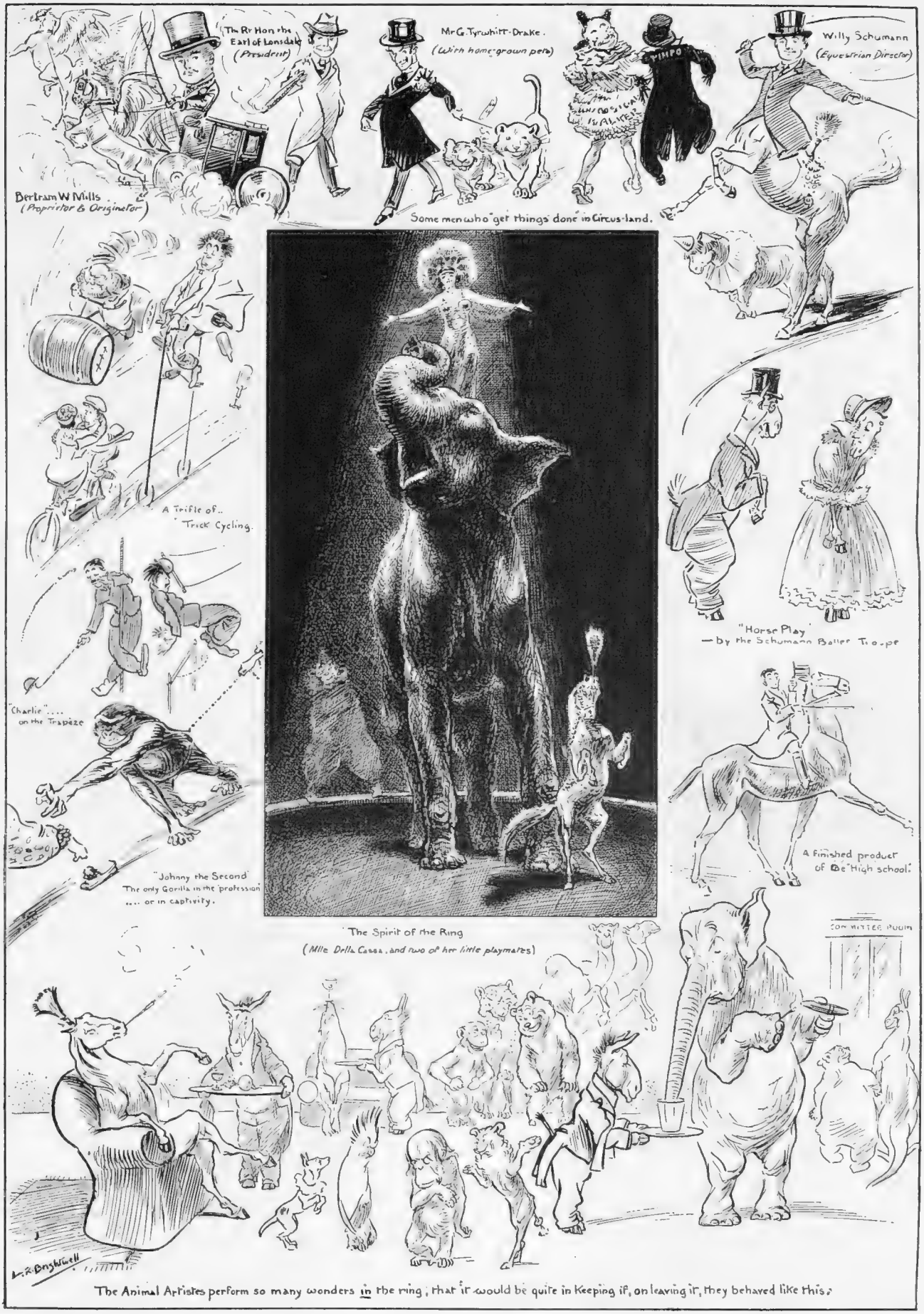
And to all my readers in all parts of the world I wish a Happy New Year and many pleasant rubbers in 1925.

She dealt and called "two Hearts" straightway and lost fifty on her contract.

"Why 'two Hearts,' partner?" he asked.

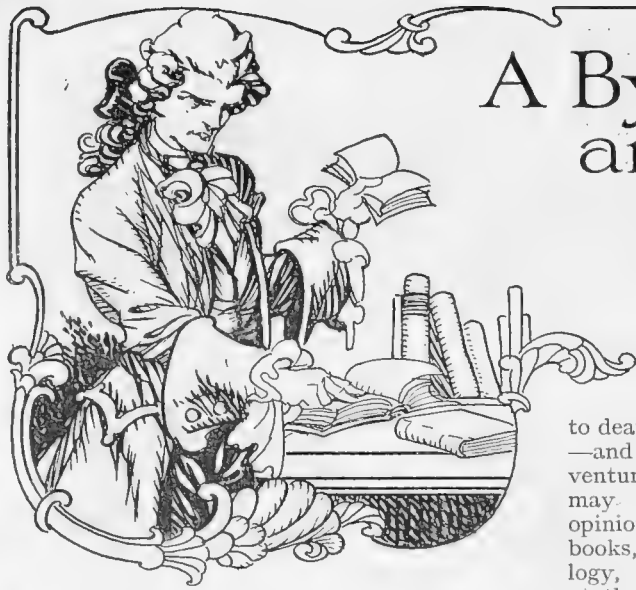
"Well," she replied, "I hoped you might complete the quotation."

The Merry Ring Time at Olympia



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Vignettes from this year's programme of the International Circus and Fun Fair at Olympia, which is bigger and better than ever. Pimpo is there—also here, and everywhere—an' the wonderful Schumann gees, an' acrobats, an' more acrobats, an' clever animals that 'do everything but talk. And there also are hundreds of little boys and girls, young and old—but you'll be going there yourselves, so we needn't tell you any more about it!



A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

IN an intriguing binding of black and gold you may make the acquaintance of a young lady whose like is only too rarely to be discovered between the pages of a book. I do not say that you will approve of her, but meet her you certainly must. She is beautiful, only nineteen, and her name is *Serena Blandish* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). There is a sub-title to this wickedly clever and wholly delectable book by a Lady of Quality: it is "The Difficulty of Getting Married," and poor Serena does have a very poor time of it before she lands her fish. Serena, you see, has an air about her which—what shall we say?—is not quite respectable. Her heart is full of kindness—indeed she gives too freely altogether—and her brain is full of good maxims, but she is not worldly-wise.

❀

AND she has no money. Fortunately she secures a friend in the Countess Flor di Folio, whose butler is a most peculiar and unbutlerish person. The Countess gives parties to which many "desirables" come. All are charmed with Serena, but all—it is very sad—immediately invite her to luncheon in their own rooms. However, at long last she does secure a bridegroom, and everybody, including the butler, may rejoice. Who a Lady of Quality may be I have not the smallest notion, but her book is a joy, and sooner or later you will find that most people are talking about it.

❀

ALL his life Colonel Arthur Lynch has gone his own way and is apparently very pleased that he has done so. In *My Life Story* (Long: 15*s.* net), he tells us all about it. There must always be earnest folk who rarely see eye to eye with the majority of their fellows, and Colonel Lynch belongs to their number. His life has had its dramatic moments—everybody wants to know what it feels like to be sentenced to death, and he can tell you—and he has done many venturesome things. One may not agree with his opinion of one of his own books, a System of Psychology, and one may wonder at the virulence of some of his comments, but a man has a right to go his own way and say more or less what he thinks, and Colonel Lynch's worst enemies would not deny to him a blunt honesty of purpose.

❀

MR. DESMOND COKE is a serious novelist, who on occasion can play the fool in the charmingest possible way. He is also one of the few writers who really knows boys and their ways. His school-stories sell merrily year in and year out, and unlike some of his imitators, he does not borrow his plots. A new book of his is now ready, suited to both boys and their parents; particularly their parents. *Our Modern Youth* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a huge joke, but a joke with a serious background. This is the age of educational experiments. Some are excellent, others grotesque. It is all very well to attack the modern system, but what are you going to put in its place? Masters may change, but boys can be irritatingly conservative and have their own peculiar methods of protest.

❀

SO here you have the story—Mr. Coke rightly calls it an exuberance—of Mr. Boniface's lamentable experiment with an "ideal" school, where there are to be no punishments and no compulsory games, and where work is to be positively discouraged. On the assumption that boys invariably do what they are not wanted to do, "the Doctor" believes that his boys will fly to work under such unusual conditions. And who does not know that corporal punishment is a shocking relic of a barbarous age? Alas, the boys for once in their naughty young lives are extraordinarily obedient. They acquiesce to the full in the question of optional work, but when their lawful games are interfered with, there is trouble. What the end of it all is I shall not say, but there is a tell-tale drawing on the cover. It is all very joyous, and Mr. Coke has certainly made the most of his idea. Mr. H. M. Bateman's name is coupled with his on the title-page, and his illustrations are highly diverting. Together they provide a most amusing entertainment.

❀

THE earlier chapters of Mrs. Clare Sheridan's novel, *Stella Defiant* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) are remarkably good. They give an intimate picture of Ireland at the time of the Black and Tans, and Stella herself has not yet forfeited the reader's sympathy. Her desire, however, to be rid of what we are apparently to regard as bourgeois conventions, soon leads her into a series of extravagances (not nearly so naughty, by the way, as they might have been, but generally exceedingly unpleasant) which in time become merely tiresome. She marries a peer, but will not have the marriage announced. She loses her child, and goes in a more or less hysterical state to Germany. She lives with a religious Turk more or less regularly, but finds time to dope herself with cocaine, professes to be a good Communist, paints pictures, considers herself to be more or less of a pioneer, and finishes a hectic career outside Europe. There are some exceedingly vivid pictures of various "revolutionary" sets of people, and spades are called spades on every occasion, but Stella herself is not the important figure that I fancy her creator believes her to be. When translated into Russian, however, the book no doubt will be hailed as a real work of art.

By HYNES

TO BE TAKEN BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER MEALS

An impression of De Groot and his Piccadilly orchestra scattering notes with a prodigal hand during feeding time at the Piccadilly Hotel

Those "Little" Frocks!

Keystone

Mistinguett, the famous French revue star, in one of the new costumes, worth many thousands of francs, that she wears in the spectacular revue at the Casino de Paris

THE BALL OF THE YEAR

THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

WILL BE THE GREAT

Chelsea Arts Ball

AT THE

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

ON

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Wednesday, December 31, 1924

It will be the famous Annual Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club specially organised in conjunction with the Celebrations to mark the

COMING OF AGE of THE BYSTANDER

whose 21st Birthday falls at the end of the present year. In effect the Ball will be

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BIRTHDAY PARTY

The price of Tickets is 2 Guineas each
(INCLUDING SUPPER)

Correspondence should be addressed to—Mr. G. SHERWOOD FOSTER, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, or Mr. FRANK L. LASCOT, "The Bystander" Offices, Graphic Buildings, E.C.4.

FEMINA

POSTERS IN ROOMS

By Mrs. M. VINCE

THERE was never much to be said for the cheap picture shop with its mixture of farce and sentiment, vulgarity and religion, all very highly polished, and with frames to match. But now, beside our railway stations with their posters, it looks cheaper than ever. Sooner or later, no doubt, the æsthetic influence of the railway station will improve the picture shop. Meanwhile, those who are in search of good art and have only shillings to spend go, not to the shops, but to that little room near St. James's Park Station where the tube posters can be bought. I do not say that it is better than a visit to the National Gallery, but I would certainly rather go there than to the great majority of the shops.

IT is not only that the railway companies have artists to do their posters. Still more important, they have something worth advertising. It is quite possible to say too much in praise of so-and-so's chocolates or somebody else's face-powder. But you can hardly over-praise the English country-side. That is a subject for inexhaustible enthusiasm and variety, and it has given birth to a new and really wonderful gallery of popular art.

I HAVE not met them, but I feel sure that there are assiduous collectors of the new posters. For the posters soon go out of print, and the earlier ones must already have a collector's price. I was trying to get one the other day. I found that it was no longer in use, and that all the copies had been sold. At last, and unexpectedly, one copy was found, and I went off with that two shilling poster as pleased as if I had found a rare print in a portfolio at the door of a Charing Cross Road bookshop.

THE posters are designed for a definite purpose, and when you see them in the railway stations you realise how well the majority are designed for it. But when you turn over the posters at St. James's Park you realise too in how many ways they could be used in the decoration of our houses.

THE school-room is, no doubt, the most obvious room for the poster. There is a surprising amount of history to be taught by it. To take some of the Tube posters alone—there is the beautiful poster of London called the Heart of the Empire. There are Hampton Court, St. James's Palace, and Windsor, and there is the jolly picture-map of the River Thames. Macaulay once drew up a synopsis for a poem on the Thames, which he thought had more material in it for a noble poem than any river in the world. That picture-map is the synopsis of any number of lessons on English history and letters. And when we are able to get more foreign posters—there are some to be got now—how much geography could be taught from them and how much more interesting it would be than in those days when it was taught with a blank map, on which one had to point out places, and with those long lists of "principal exports" to be learnt by heart!

THE nursery is the next room obviously intended for posters; and some of the posters might have been designed by the artists expressly for the nursery—the Old World Village with its happy grotesque figures, and the Skating Pond, complete from the small boy falling down to the policeman and the seller of hot chestnuts. There are others again which seem intended, because they are so exactly right for filling the panels of wardrobes or cupboards in the children's rooms. One in particular I have seen, of a foxglove, which is a beautiful design for such a purpose. But although with their bright colours and variety of interest they seem especially intended for the children's rooms, there are others which one might hang anywhere. I have seen a set of three, done in the style of mural paintings, three country scenes, with trees, figures, sheep and the Downs, which, with their delicate colours, would look beautiful in a sitting-room.

PLAIN painted or distempered walls are what are required to show the bright colours of posters to best advantage. In the case of nurseries with distempered walls, or plain paper, they can simply be pasted on the wall, and then varnished over.

Vaughan and Freeman

A STRANGE WALK IN LIFE

Miss Laurie de Vine in one of her acrobatic dances, somewhat reminiscent of the Manx emblem. She has been appearing in the Princes' cabaret, and will be at Romano's in Paris in the New Year

IT is an attraction, not only to the collectors of posters, but to those who want to use them in their rooms, that the railway companies change them so quickly. For those who like change, posters are ideal. They are made to standard sizes and you can put them in slate frames, so that they can easily be slipped in and out. At the stations the posters change with the seasons. In the house one would probably reverse them, keeping the spring posters for mid-winter, and the winter posters for July and August.

AT present the railway companies hesitate to allow the shops to buy their posters to sell again. But sooner or later I expect that the shops will get them, and they will be as easy to buy as the reproductions of popular Academy pictures. The posters of foreign railway companies are already being brought over here. Judging by those that I have seen, our own have not been surpassed. The daffodils of Kew and the foxgloves of the Cotswolds can more than hold their own with the Tyrolean valleys and the mountains of Switzerland. M. V.

Stage Photo Co.

A COLOURFUL SCENE

From that popular children's play "Where the Rainbow Ends," which is paying its annual visit to town, being in residence at the Holborn Empire every afternoon. The group shows Master Jack Hawkins (left) as "Crispian," Master Bobby Smith as "Cubby," Mr. Nigel Clarke as "St. George," Miss Gabrielle Casartelli as "Rosamund," Master Sidney Bromley as "Jim" and Miss Myrtle Peters as "Betty"

Shall Us? Letts'!

You have guessed it in one! The last-minute thought for a New Year gift should certainly be a Letts's "Quickref" diary. Messrs. Cassell and Co. are issuing for 1925, in addition to the old popular "Quickref" series, a new line known as the "Belle" Pocket Diaries. This group includes ten diaries (price 2s. to 3s. net) neatly bound in morocco grain leather of attractive design. The "Quickref" series is adapted to the need of every profession and trade, household uses, hobbies, etc. So if you are a wireless enthusiast, a golfer, a motorist, a gardener or a field naturalist, there will be a diary for your own particular need.

MOTOR NOTES

ON THE STRAIGHT IN WARWICKSHIRE

A 9/20 h.p. four-cylinder Rover on the glorious stretch of straight road near Gibbert Hill, Warwickshire. The light Rover has been recently reduced in price—but not in popularity

NEW YEAR'S DAY is upon us and all motor-car licences are now due. I trust that Bystanders have taken the advice of the Ministry of Transport, and have applied for their new licences well in advance, instead of leaving it till the last moment. I am very much afraid it is not so, however, and the various registration offices will be besieged as usual to-morrow and for the next fortnight. Motorists have an idea that they are entitled to a fortnight's grace for taking out their new licences, but I should like to point out that this is an act of grace on the part of the licensing authorities and all licences, strictly speaking, should be taken out on January 1, 1925.

* * *

NUMEROUS modifications take place in 1925 regarding licences. Part-time licences will cost less, and should the use of the car be given up for any purpose, a certain proportion of the licence paid can be received back by the owner. In future, when a car is sold, the registration book passes with the car to the new purchaser, instead of having to be sent to the licensing authorities as hitherto. It now becomes the duty of the new car owner to notify the authorities on the change of ownership. Various other modifications have been introduced concerning the licensing of hackney carriages, and as regards the use of trade licence plates.

* * *

IS there any possibility of a road race being held in Great Britain? An interesting side-light is thrown on this possibility by a speech made by Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., on the occasion of the Junior Car Club's cheery annual dinner. As is well known, this gallant Member of Parliament is more than a little interested in the Ministry of Transport, and his views on such matters have therefore to be treated with more than the usual amount of respect. After paying tribute to the enterprise of the J.C.C., in organising the 200-mile race for light cars at Brooklands each year as the premier annual racing event, he pointed out that the one thing wanted in England was a road race. He said that there are districts in England where, in his opinion, there would be no inconvenience to the local inhabitants if the roads were to be closed for the purpose of a road race, but before this can be done, the law will have to be altered. With the management of motors in such good hands, we may confidently look to an occasion on which road racing will be permitted in England.

* * *

IT is not often that one can see a motor-car race in Bond Street without the intervention of the police, but I recently witnessed a most thrilling race between two cars on Alpine roads in this locality! It sounds strange, but when I explain that the cars were models, and that the race took place in the showrooms of Mann, Egerton and Co., it will be understood why no police intervention occurred. The two cars started level and filled up at the pumps, the one on Shell and the other on an unbranded spirit. Need I explain that the car using Shell won every time? On the occasion of my visit, the showrooms were full of interest. There was a model of the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam on which Captain Malcolm Campbell gained the world's record for the flying kilometre, using Shell oil, and there were replicas in miniature of the Shell petrol cans, oil cans, and petrol pump presented to the Queen's Doll's House at Wembley.

* * *

ONE of the ambitions of even the humblest motorist is one day to be the proud owner of a Rolls-Royce. A few of us achieve this ambition, but the majority have to be content with smaller cars. The makers of this car have added a new word to the English language to describe the very best in a particular class, and it is not surprising therefore that the manufacturers have to report the very successful year for 1924. The profits for the year ended October 31 last were £163,000, and the directors have decided to recommend at the annual meeting of shareholders, which is to be held at Derby on Monday, January 12, that a dividend of 8 per cent. should be paid in respect of the year named.

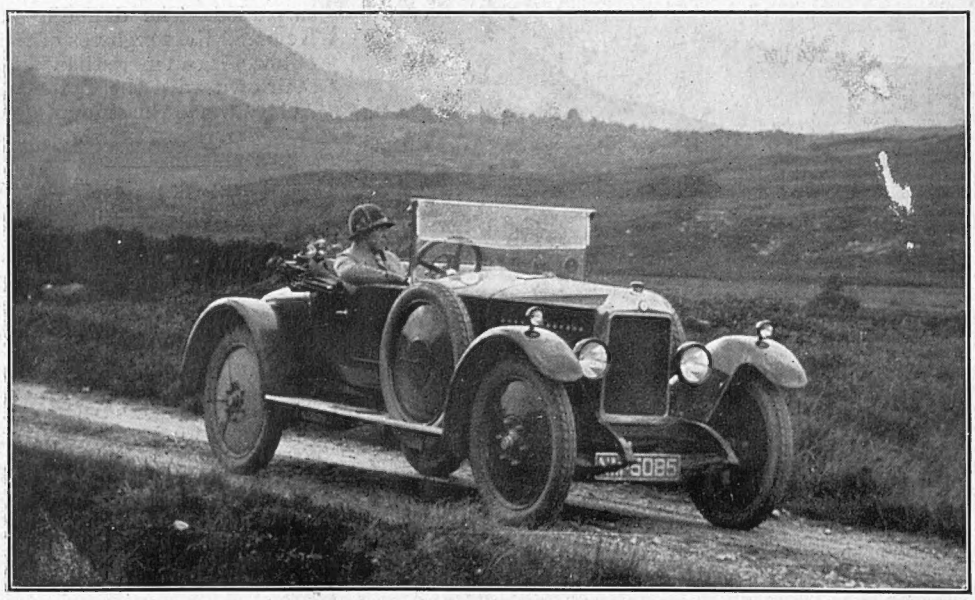
* * *

THIS month registers the twenty-first anniversary of the first flight of an aeroplane driven by mechanical power. It is remarkable to trace the developments which have taken place in engine construction. The first flights were made with a low-powered engine, and the lessons learned from these experiments showed that investigations had to be made in order to produce the highest powered engine with the lowest weight per horse-power. Hence, to-day, we have the 1,000 h.p. Napier "Cub," which although developing this huge power, weighs less than one ton. Recently this engine, fitted to a bombing machine specially designed to take it, made a successful flight, carrying a load of 3½ tons. It is gratifying to record that this engine, the largest powered in the world, is entirely British.

* * *

AS I have previously suggested, we all thought that the Olympia Exhibition would have marked the final price reductions for 1924, but evidence is continually arriving that we were wrong. The latest price reduction is announced by the vendors of the Dodge. The Dodge touring-car, with disc wheels and balloon tyres, now costs £295, a reduction of £30 on the old price. The traveller's saloon, with detachable rear-seat and upholstery, now costs £355, a reduction of £40, while the saloon with disc wheels and balloon tyres can be purchased for £395, a reduction of £60.

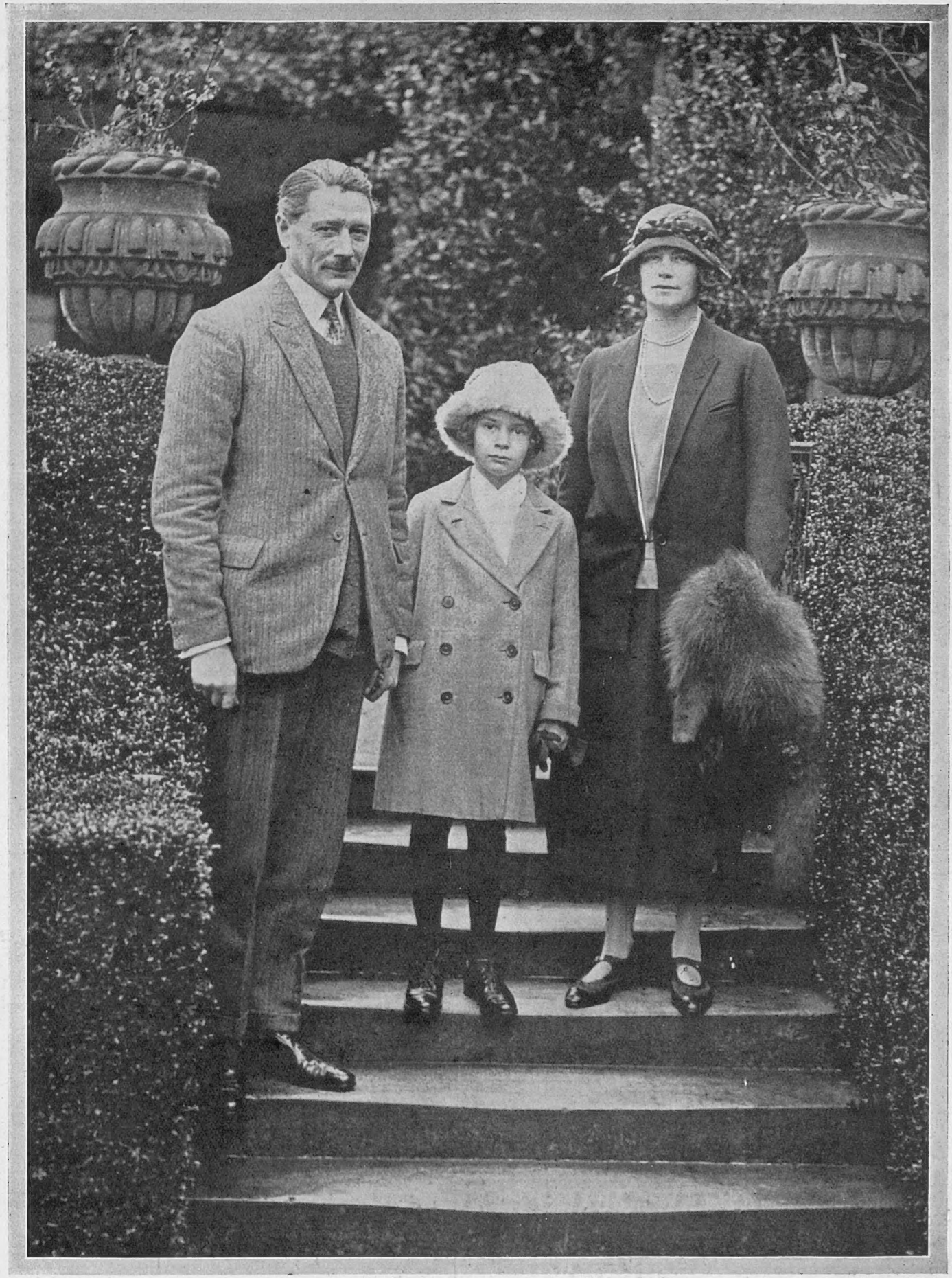
GEORGE C. STEAD



A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER [*Stead*

The stout little 14/40 Vauxhall on the summit of Glen Moriston

In a Hertfordshire Garden



Special Press

Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond with the Hon. Lady Salmond, who is a daughter of Lord Desborough, and Miss Joy Salmond, his daughter by his first marriage. The photograph was taken in the grounds of Panshanger, Lord Desborough's Hertfordshire seat

A REAL GOOD YEAR

HINTS FOR 1925. By "THE KENNELMAN"

A HAPPY New Year to you! It should be a good one, for the year that ends to-day has not only easily beaten all its post-War predecessors for British Dogdom, but has gone beyond the records of all those that came before the Deluge of '14-'18.

And British Dogdom is a big community, look you; not only because our folk, as a race, are nearly all Dog-lovers, but because they breed the finest Dogs in all the world; because in this country alone—and they're just as keen in the Empire's oversea lands—we have close on six hundred Dog Clubs and Societies, and hold double that number of Dog Shows in the year; because, to consider the aristocrats alone, we have been registering pretty nearly a thousand Dogs per week during this year that ends to-day—persons of pedigree and distinction, every one. No wonder that the *pucca* connoisseurs in every land the world over, send to these beloved foggy little islands for their Dogs when they can; for here are to be found, not simply those that are technically and on points the best, but—and it *does* tell, you know—those that are most lovable and dependable in character: the best Dog pals that exist.

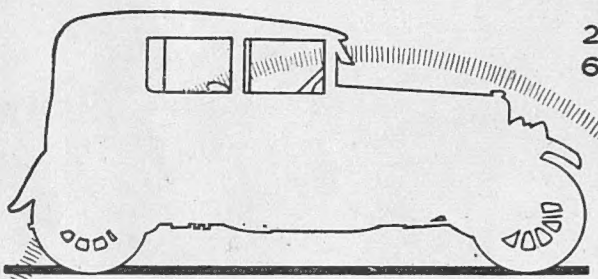
"There's only one thing your breeders fall down over," said an American fancier to the Kennelman at the last K.C. Show. "You've no notion of window-dressing. You've got the best, but you don't seem to bother letting anyone know about it. There's every sort of inferior Dog and doggy accessory that's advertised good and plenty all over the world; but the best of the lot, which is what you people turn out here—well, we have to find out about them for ourselves; and when we do, I will say they're worth it. They're white men, are your English-bred Dogs; and you can say I said so." So there it is, said—for once in a way, anyhow.

And, apart from window-dressing shortcomings, there's one other direction in which our breeders and fanciers should buck up, and get more of a move on in 1925, and that's in the matter of the *training* and educating—for show, for work, for the house, the street, for watch, for guard, for tracking, and for all the many activities in which, by nature and character, they're equipped to beat all other Dogs to a frazzle. In sport, their supremacy's unchallenged; but it's up to us to see to all the other kinds of training. "They're worth it!"

Christmas brought delectable additions to my bookshelves, and among those not yet mentioned I'd commend to doggy readers two that America is keen on, both published by Appleton: *Breaking a Bird Dog*, by Horace Lytle, and *Pocono Shot*, by John Taintor Foote; the second a really fascinating Dog story, the first, as practical and illuminating a record of training Dogs to gun work as I've come upon; and both worth a front seat on the kennel shelf.

It's interesting to note that the Popular Dogs Publishing Company has been called on for another edition of *The Popular Alsatian*, to which Air-Commander C. L. Lambe, President of the Alsatian Club, has contributed a preface. It's very comprehensive, as regards Alsatians, and, also, rich in tips useful in the training for work of almost any breed.

It's good to note that the "rights" of Dogs, in common with other animals in our high roads and by-roads, have been authoritatively upheld. One's sure all decent motorists will try to respect those rights.



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